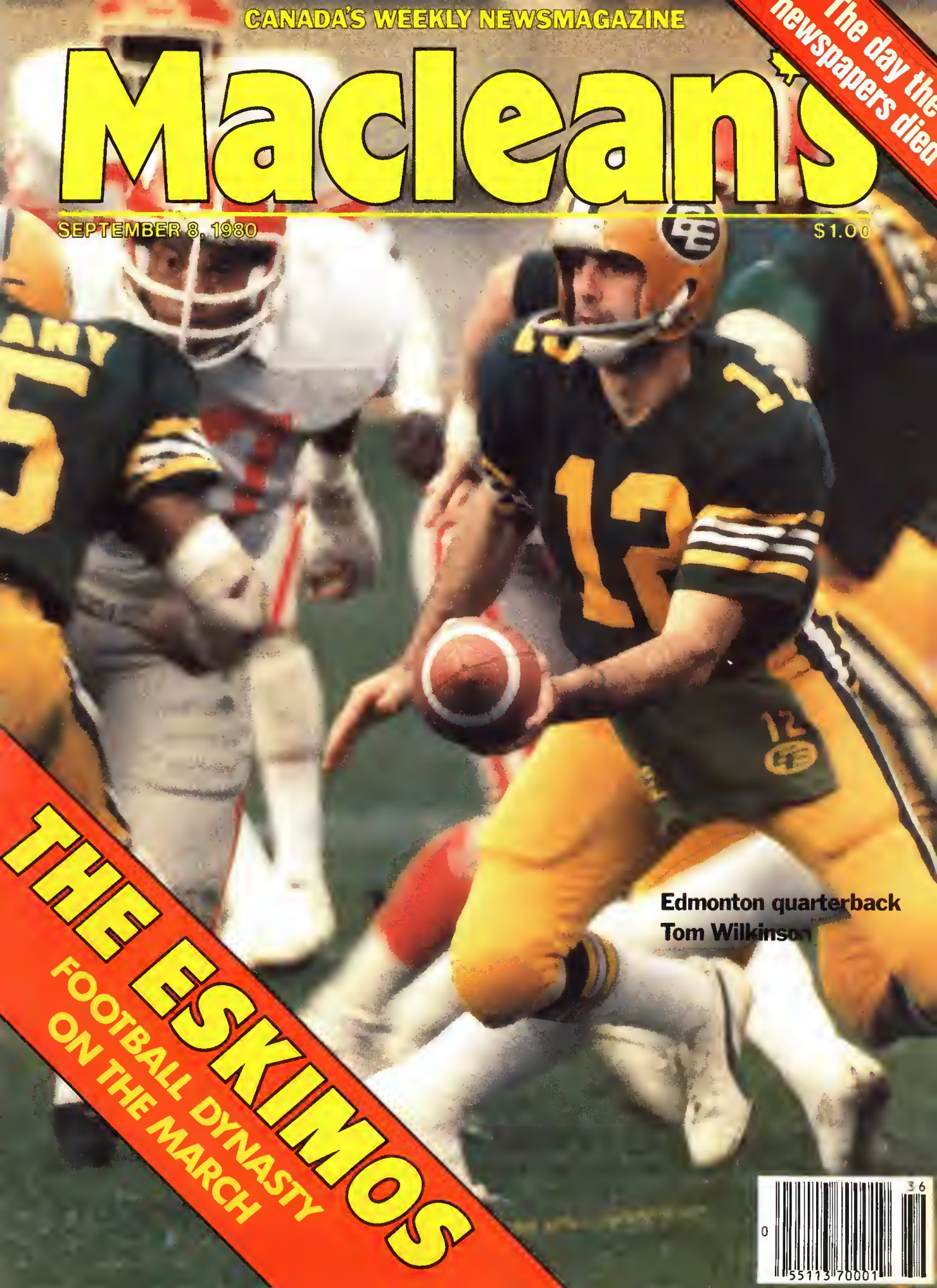
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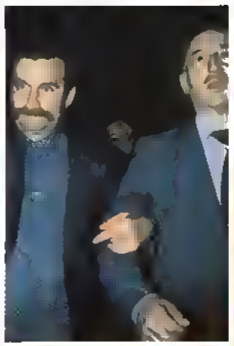
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Compromising?

It was hailed as "historic" but as the ink dried on the Polish workers' compromise deal with their party bosses, the fine print was nevertheless raising some doubts **Page 29**

The news on fire

Canada's dominant newspaper chains, Thomson and Southam, killed papers in Ottawa and Winnipeg—dashing hopes and raising questions about Black Wednesday **Page 21**





COVER PHOTOGRAPHY COLOREAST (EDMONTON)

COVER STORY

Eskimos on the march

Over the past decade the Edmonton Eskimos have built a football dynasty. Owned by the community and very much a part of it, the team has played for the championship six of the past seven years and won the last two Grey Cups. One of the most successful sport franchises in North America, the Eskimos operate as no other team in the CFL and once again they're marching toward the Grey Cup **Page 34**



Make love, not music

Singer-composer Joni Mitchell floors her guitar in favor of film in two projects this year. Having finished a "docudantasia" *Shadows and Light*, she's now making *Love* **Page 38**

A personal harvest

Picking your own produce might not be important, but this year thousands more Canadians are going out to the fields as much for the delectable outing as for the bargain **Page 53**



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Editorial

A valiant revolution that is no longer Poles apart



By Peter C. Newman

The 17-day strike by Poland's shipyard workers, which by the end of last week seemed to be heading toward peaceful compromise, may well have been one of the most significant events to shake the Communist world since the death of Josef Stalin. For the first time, a Soviet satellite's workers and intelligentsia had found common ground in opposing the operational code of the politburo.

Any attempt to defy the Kafkaesque repression of daily life under the Kremlin's thumb calls for a brand of valor that transcends mere heroism. Past rebellions against Soviet occupation have failed because their adherents could be too easily isolated. The brave battle cry of the Hungarian nationalists in 1956 was doomed because it found so little echo outside the ruling elites of Budapest, the Czech patriots who backed Alexander Dubček's "Prague Spring" in 1968 were scorned by most workers until the Soviet tanks were clanging into Wenceslas Square; Romania's striking coal miners were crushed in 1977 without ever managing to align themselves with the burghers of Bucharest.

The Polish rebellion (page 29) was different. The country's leading group of ideological dissidents (which accurately calls itself The Workers' Defence Committee) had cultivated deep roots within the Polish proletariat. This meant that when the strikes reached their militant crests, government authorities could not retreat into the standard Communist litany of blaming the unrest on imported "imperialist agitators" or idealistic "counterrevolutionaries." The strikers were the very workers who, according to Marxist theology, were supposed to inherit the earth.

The most unpredictable factor in the situation remains the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church. Ruled by a regime officially committed to atheism, an astounding 95 per cent of Poles stubbornly remain practising Catholics. "We're not 'dissidents' in the sense that Russia's militants are," says Piotr Jeglinski, a former editor of *Spotkania*, an underground youth magazine. "We live under an external, imposed system. It is the Communist regime that is dissident."

Poland's 1,000-year history has oscillated between stunned servility and devil-may-care exuberance. At the moment, it is too early to know which side of the Polish character will emerge dominant in the aftermath of the dockers' strike. But the Kremlin's rulers may finally find the answer to a rhetorical question posed by Stalin in a 1935 conference with Pierre Laval. France's foreign minister had been urging the Soviet dictator to allay Catholic fears of communism. Stalin mocked: "The Pope! How many divisions has *he* got?"

The answer: 35 million brave Poles.

Maclean's SEPT. 8, 1980

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A tragedy of the soul

By Brendan Keenan



August in Ulster was like a rerun of a bad dream. The month was marked by the worst street-rioting in years. The kids looked like the same ones as in years past, although they must be different kids by now—hurling rocks and obscenities at the police. The same grey police vehicles charged up rubble-strewn streets. Wasn't this where we came in?

Nothing is getting better in Northern Ireland. What's worse, there's little ground for hope that anything will. In that same wicked month, an old man and his daughter were butchered to death in Belfast, apparently just because they were Protestants. Despite pleas from community leaders, marchers in Derry carried a banner donated by an ex-policeman serving life for the equally senseless slaughter of a Catholic shopkeeper. The underlying hatreds and tensions between the two communities are undoubtedly worse than they were 11 years ago when all this began, and it's easy to see why. In 1969, many Catholics and Protestants lived side by side. Since then, more than 60,000 people have moved—the biggest such population shift in Western Europe since the Second World War. They moved, for the most part, to seek the security of their own side. The result is that fewer Catholics and Protestants work and live together than ever before. And, of course, they never did go to school together.



Ulster violence: start changa with the children

No one should be surprised that the result is two communities which not only hate and fear each other but do not even understand one another. The common stereotypes have been outlined by psychologists such as Morris Fraser. Protestants tend to see Catholics as lazy, dirty and irresponsible. Catholics see Protestants as bigoted and vicious. But the misunderstandings can go even deeper. Two professional men of different religions were amazed to discover that, as teen-agers, they both believed girls of the other religion were easy conquests. The Protestant thought Catholic girls didn't mind because they could go to confession. The Catholic believed Protestant girls would be easy because they *didn't* have to go to confession. A Catholic lawyer tells of defending a Protestant paramilitary prisoner on a murder charge. A brilliant defence got the charge reduced. As the defendant left the dock he said to the lawyer in genuine puzzlement, "For a Fenian [Catholic], you're very damned clever." Compared with mental barriers like that, the problems of taking down the barbed wire and concrete that divide the Belfast ghettos look simple. Can such attitudes be broken down at all? The politicians' stock reponse is that, given the right political structures, hatreds will slowly die away. But there is growing evidence that the festering prejudices have reduced the manoeuvring room of politicians on both sides. It's widely held that Protestant leader Ian Paisley backed away from compromise on recent British political proposals when he heard the warning noises from his own backwoods. The mainly Catholic Social Democratic Labour Party (SDLP)—formed 10 years ago last month—is far more militantly nationalist than it was then, and has lost its original leader and other socialist elements in the process. By contrast, the efforts of those who believe in bringing ordinary Catholics and Protestants together tend to be scorned in Ulster. The ill-fated Women's Peace Movement won its leaders the Nobel Peace Prize abroad and brickbats at home.

For years, Catholic and Protestant children have been given holidays away from the troubles. All the evidence is that hostility is soon dispelled and friendships formed. But after a few weeks they must go home to areas where they dare not even try to see each other. The question must soon be asked whether looking for solutions from the top—preferably imposed by the British or Irish governments, depending on choice—isn't a cop-out. Dealing with Ulster's own running sores would be so much harder. Segregated schooling is the most obvious one. Churchmen deny that Ulster's separate schools are a cause of the violence, and though they may be right, it's hard to see anything but a perpetuation of old divisions coming from segregation. Catholic children learn of Ireland's centuries-long struggle against English rule and get holidays on Catholic feasts. They play Gaelic games and, in many schools, British games like soccer and rugby are banned. By contrast, Protestant schoolchildren learn of Britain's history on the European and world stage and get holidays on Queen Elizabeth's birthday. A recent proposal just to have Catholic and Protestant teachers trained on the same campus ran into stiff opposition from the churches.

There are, of course, profound problems involved in making changes. In many areas it would be dangerous for children to cross the lines. Something like the busing system in the United States, with security, would be needed. Nobody's quite advocating that but, as Ulster people never tire of pointing out, there are lots of peaceful, usually prosperous parts of the province—just the areas where experiments in school and community integration could begin. Words are cheap in Ulster, almost as cheap as lives. Action is harder to find. But the people of Ulster really cannot complain if the world continues to treat them as pariahs, so long as their idea of solutions is to hurl suggestions at the other side from behind one's own defences.

Brendan Keenan is *Maclean's* correspondent in Dublin.

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'The finished work of art must appeal first to our hearts, not to our minds'

By Brian Harvey



A major exhibit of new Canadian art ends this week at the National Gallery in Ottawa. *Pluralities 1980*—four expensive floors of angle iron, plywood runways, creeping Pintos and reverently framed "working drawings"—occasioned cultural breast-beating and disparaging comment alike. Perhaps the oddest opinion (in print, at any rate) was that this was a "fun show."

Pluralities 1980 is no fun at all. Much of it is Conceptual High Seriousness, with the artists' names writ appropriately large. My own response to the show was nostalgia: the exercise reminded me of open house at the Lab.

Let me explain. When I was a graduate student in biology, the university administration, shrewdly recognizing that the hand that fed it operating grants was attached to the body politic, indulged in a yearly orgy of public relations known as open house. In every laboratory benches were tidied, signs lettered, obsolete oscilloscopes dusted off and professors emeriti awakened, when all signs of academic torpor and wastage of public monies were eradicated, the doors were thrown open to the unwashed populace for two days of knob-fondling and minor theft. Graduate students were prodded into delivering aggressive little monologues whose collective effect (duly reported in the press) would be to give the impression that breakthroughs (but expensive breakthroughs!) were just around the corner. My job was to give a five-minute rundown on "the theory and practice of electron microscopy and its application to biology." I performed this absurd task on a mass-production basis, audience after baffled audience found themselves momentarily trapped in a tiny dark laboratory, stumbling and shuffling around several hundred thousand dollars worth of gadgetry, while I bravely babbled and gesticulated. I am sure that most of what I said was incomprehensible to them.

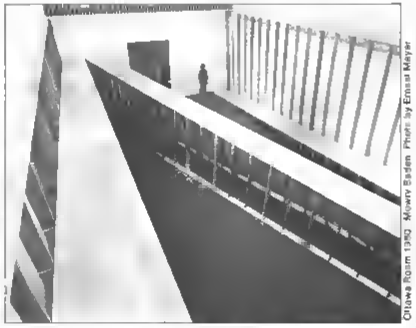


Photo by Ernest Mayer

Ottawa Room 1980 Mowry Baden

One of the works in 'Pluralities 1980'

Now the similarity between my short-order students in electron microscopy and the average visitor to *Pluralities 1980* is very close and has unfortunate implications for the future of art. In science, public support for research has resulted in our tunnelling into a new dark age where specialties pile upon specialties, the corresponding phenomenon in the arts has been the rise of the "academic artist." I cannot help thinking that the Roman playwright Terence was anticipating this development when he wrote "Here is a man who with a great effort is about to say something very silly." Perhaps to forestall this problem, artists have borrowed a diversionary tactic from science, and have developed languages that only the initiated can comprehend. The headiest jargon of all is that of Conceptual Art.

I will not attempt a criticism of Conceptual Art: others have done so, and there is always the risk of having one's words considered part of the Conceptual Art Work itself. I will, however, say that what an artist may be *thinking about* is of little interest to me. I am more interested in what he or she produces. I am married to an artist who has developed the thought process to the point of blatant procrastination; at the end of it all, though, she still feels obliged to produce a work of art that can stand on its own. But since the artists on display at *Pluralities 1980* insist on aping science and speaking in tongues, I suggest that they be exhibited along with their creations, like me and my electron microscope, they should be obliged to stammer out the incomprehensibilities of their chosen field, that the thought process is now the message, that those untidy heaps of rubble in the middle of the gallery floor are the merest detritus of the creative act, like tracings on the phosphor of an oscilloscope tube.

Had I not been present to give my frantic monologue in the darkness, the visitors to open house would have been reduced to fingering the stainless steel knobs of the machine and to wondering at its cost. This, in effect, is the public response to shows like *Pluralities 1980*. In this sense both the university open house and the Conceptual Art exhibit might better be described as technological crafts fairs, and I have often wondered if it would be better to speak of artisans, not artists. The only problem here is that most of the "installations" in *Pluralities 1980* are rather crudely put together.

Some will object that I am advocating giving the public what it wants, that artists should buckle down to turning out endless photo-realistic studies of Canadian waterfowl. I am not. I am arguing only for a clarification of roles. The intellect functions best in the absence of jargon, and to speak of an artist, musician or even scientist as an intellectual is usually to contradict terms. This is not to deny the role of the intellect in the creative process, but the finished work of art must appeal first to our hearts, not to our minds. Stripped of the carapace of jargon, many scientists today would be revealed as wholly uninspired technicians, sadly, most of the artists represented at *Pluralities 1980* would appear to require a refresher course in gluing and pasting skills to become even tolerably good craftsmen.

Perhaps the name for this exhibit, so baffling at first glance, is, after all, astutely chosen: one of the definitions of plurality is "the holding by one person of two or more offices or positions at one time." Whether in this case the artists are masquerading as thinkers or the thinkers moonlighting as artists, each runs the risk of permanently alienating the audience of the other.

Brian Harvey is a biologist with the National Research Council of Canada in Ottawa.





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This Canada

No room at the lodge—yet

By Peter Carlyle-Gordge

A stunning contrast awaits the stranger stepping down from the train at the CN station at Minaki, a sleepy town 50 km northwest of Kenora, Ont. Ahead stretches a breathtaking vista of lakes and forest, behind droops what must be one of the ughest, most unkempt stations wherever rails run. The peeling green woodwork begs a drink of paint, birds roost in the faded rafters, there's not even a bench to sit on. The gone-to-seed drabness affronts the watery splendor. Behind the station, on the steps of the Bayridge General Store, native children sit idly licking ice-cream cones. They face a fading sign that beckons to a twisting, narrow road, proclaiming this is the route to a vast and deserted pile of timber, granite and glass where the well-heeled once took their pleasure in baronial splendor—Minaki Lodge.

Chancing upon the lodge in its wilderness setting, its escutcheoned windows staring out to the lakes of the Winnipeg River system, is like stumbling suddenly on Camelot. The visitor steps over high-grown weeds, blinking at the unsuspected scale and grandeur of it all. Here lies enchantment, reverie, it is a place of memories. Within, its cathedral-like ceilings of chinked logs whisper of an age when Chargex and charter flights were unknown. To Minaki Lodge came the dinner-jacketed and long-gowned elite. They came to play golf, to fish, to sip tea on the airy veranda. Sitting in the Main Hall in elegant rattan chairs they penned notes home on rattan writing desks, in the plush dining room they gossiped about the latest grain deal or they snoozed in the Trophy Room beneath the baleful stare of a stuffed deer. It was, for some, an age of elegance and gentility.

The rattan furniture is still there, all intact, but the people are gone, the ballroom echoes no longer with the tinkle of a piano, merely with the footsteps of a solitary caretaker. Conceived as the Minaki Inn by CN in the years following the First World War, the operation began with ill omens. The original building burned down in 1925, even before the first guest had registered. In 1926 it was rebuilt, a nine-hole golf course, costing more than $1 million in 1920s terms, was added and the lodge prospered. It was the place to be seen and it provided jobs for Minaki locals.



PETER CARLYLE GORDGE

Minaki Lodge: a place of memories

Today, beautiful but abandoned, it lies, like Snow White, sleeping quietly in its jewelled setting, poisoned not by an apple but by changing vacation habits, stories of mercury pollution in the area's fish-laden lakes and colossal overhead costs. The final blow came in 1974, when the last in a line of struggling private operators defaulted on a $450,000 Ontario government loan. No one could make the lodge pay. The province bought the sprawling spread, including a swimming pool and assorted grand lounges and cottages, for $1.2 million. The politicians said they had plans to modernize it and make it viable



PETER CARLYLE GORDGE

again Those who knew a thing or two about lodge operations smiled.

Over the next five years, in excess of $8 million was pumped in A new roof was added, along with new kitchens The old guest rooms, once housing 225, were ripped out and the veranda was enclosed, heated and air-conditioned Plans to build new rooms out over the water were unveiled Ambitious announcement followed ambitious announcement and still the old lady slumbered, and Minakians waxed cynical And then, as governments tightened belts, the entire project was mothballed It became a joke In the Ontario legislature it was branded a monstrous money-gobbling white elephant by the NDP and Liberals

What the Conservative government sought was a kissing prince, a private operator who could bring the place back to life and ease the political embarrassment Last April, with fanfare aplenty, Northern Affairs Minister Leo Bernier (MPP for the surrounding Kenora riding) announced that the prince was found—Radisson Hotel Corporation Inc, based in Minneapolis The firm was to oversee construction of 150 new guest rooms, develop marketing plans and prepare for an opening in the spring of 1982 Opposition members screeched when they heard the government would sink in another $12 million in capital construction and renovation costs—none of it any more recoverable than the $8 million already spent. Radisson was to receive $100,000 annually or five per cent of gross operating income, whichever was greater, plus an incentive fee of 10 per cent of gross operating profits

Radisson is now working on design plans and expects to announce details this fall Its fond wish is to turn Minaki Lodge into a world-class convention resort, attracting both Europeans and North Americans No one, however, expects much activity until next spring Just what will happen may well depend on an election in Ontario Says Liberal leader Dr Stuart Smith "Frankly, it's one of the most foolish expenditures in history Even if the lodge makes $600,000 after three years, as the government hopes, it will still lose over $1 million a year The interest charge on the $22 million is over $1 5 million a year forever How can it ever make money?"

Lodge in weedy wilderness, Main Hall taking pleasure in baronial splendor



Northern Affaire Minister Bernier is unrepentant "I don't apologize for this investment in Northern Ontario at all," he says "Southern Ontario has had endless capital poured in by government I'm confident it will benefit the whole area. It'll be a winner." Industry Minister Larry Grossman agrees "It's a calculated political risk I'm a typical Torontonian and I know most people see it as a beaten-up, abandoned old mistake. But once you see the place you become a believer."

While the bickering goes on, Minaki locals are keeping their fingers crossed Says Barry Gibson, a community spokesman who has a business selling crafts. "People are skeptical It's taken so bloody long to get to this point and we still don't see any construction jobs." He says he has no doubt the lodge could attract guests but notes that the small airport will have to be upgraded, as will the narrow road that links the town to the Trans-Canada Highway "As for the station, it's a disgrace, but we're pressuring CN to do something about it."

Below the station, at Minaki Marina, owner Mervyn Reid smiles at all the talk He managed Minaki Lodge from 1972 to its closing in 1974 and would love to see it prosper He sees the shortness of the season as one major problem Radisson plans to begin with a 180-day season, later extending to year-round operations "But who wants to come to Minaki between October and Christmas?" asks Reid. "The main problem, though," he adds, "is politics If the Liberals or the NDP win the next election I think the lodge is dead."

Nearby, at the smaller Holst Point Lodge, an 80-guest little sister to the big lodge, manager Ron Simms checks the caretaking schedule Holst Point, also owned by the government, is responsible for Minaki Lodge's security Simms says they still get phone calls and mail from people wanting to book a room at Minaki Lodge. "We explain that it's temporarily closed and offer rooms here A few of our regular guests like things better with the big lodge closed. They're afraid more people would spoil the fishing."

Back at the station there's no sign of life A notice advises intending passengers to dial a toll-free long-distance number to find out if the train is on time. Nowhere is a telephone visible

Profile: Nigel Dempster

London society's gadfly

Nigel Dempster once claimed that a gossip columnist was only good as long as he was being pushed out of fifth-floor windows Allowing for literary licence, the demon diarist of Fleet Street has had his share of being booted out of fashionable homes and challenged to fistfights in trendy night spots Things may be different now that he has married into the aristocracy, about which he often writes so scathingly—his second wife is Lady Camilla Harris, daughter of the Duke of Leeds But Dempster, who returned to the pages of the *Daily Mail* last month after a brief, and heated, parting of company, is on his mettle to prove that none of the old rapier edge has gone

In August, 1979, Dempster, a suave-mannered, elegantly tailored 38-year-old who had carved out a special niche of notoriety for creating and demolishing society reputations with a feline phrase or two, crossed swords memorably with his employer, Viscount Rothermere, chairman of Associated Newspapers and a member of the famous Harmsworth press-baron family. Rothermere had lambasted Dempster's column for having become boring and "beginning to have the taste of an old, cold fried potato" Choosing his weapons skillfully, as a gossip writer should, Dempster counter-attacked that an accusation of neglect came oddly from one who lived comfortably abroad "in tax exile"—Rothermere, like his father, is domiciled in France Now, say *Mail* colleagues, the two have "settled their differences" and Dempster, who once declared "the *Daily Mail* needs me more than I need them," is back in harness. Invariably describing himself in his own column as "the greatest living Englishman," Dempster is that rare bird, a journalist who is news in his own right, and he cultivates his image of the cad you love to hate with some style

Born in India of Anglo-Australian parentage, young Nigel left Sherbourne Public School early and went to work for Lloyd's, the famous City of London insurance underwriters He early discovered a path to success by buying up a clutch of old-school ties—the badge of the class-conscious Englishman—and, after ferreting out the educational antecedents of prospective clients, would don the appropriate neckwear before going to see them Invariably he clinched the deal From the City he went to the United States and worked as a nightclub "greeter," returning home when the Vietnam draft loomed



JOHN ED CAMERON, PRESS

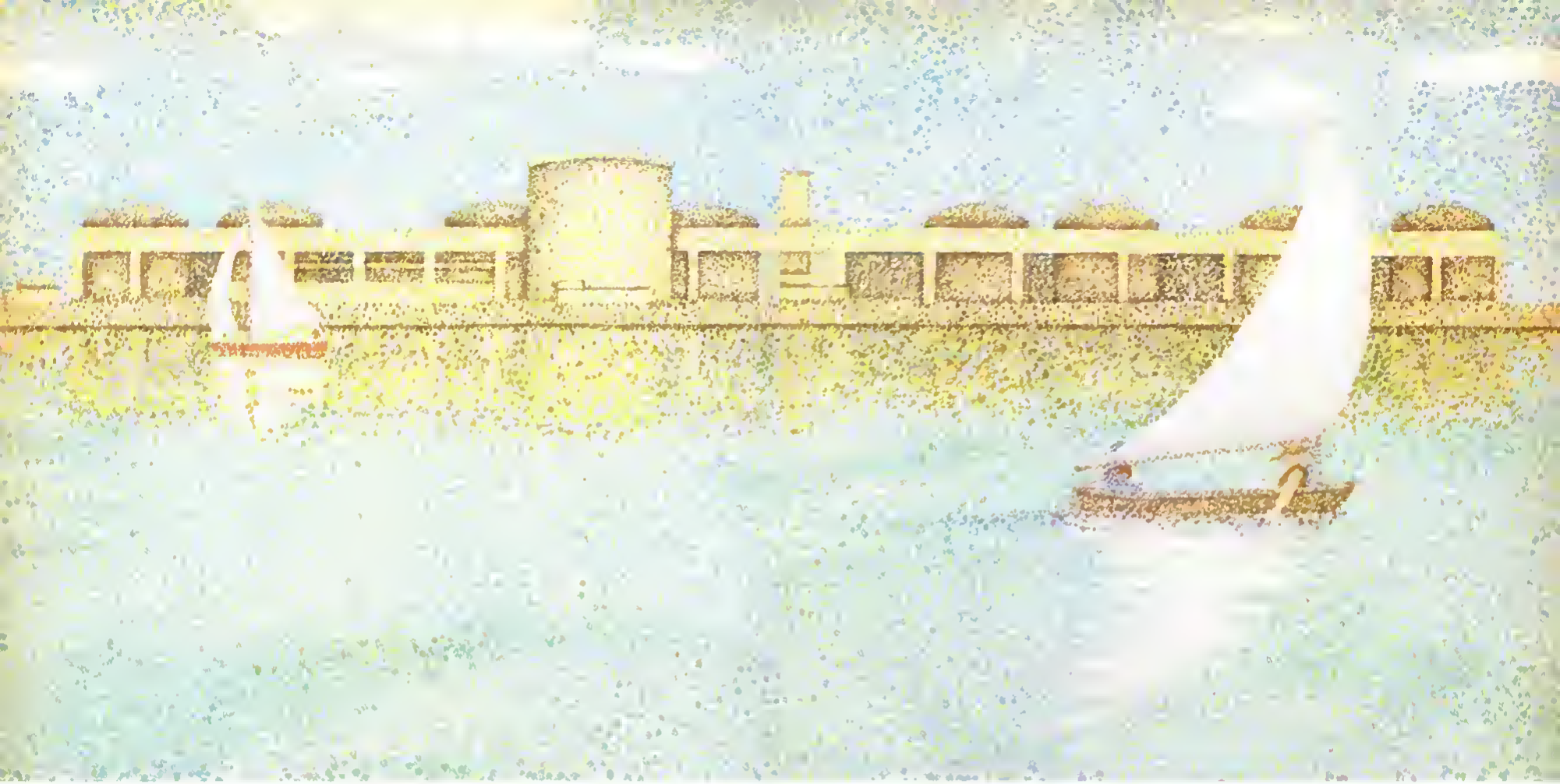
Dampstar being pushed out of windows

Dempster fed items of gossip to the William Hickey column in the *Daily Express* before concluding that he could make more money writing gossip than by selling other people's ideas. He joined the *Mail*, and since the mid-1970s has become the undisputed king of British gossip columnists

Dempster is a complex personality who baffles even intimates with an armor of contradictions Friends say he is a mixture of wanting to be liked yet not caring if he is hated, and that he has a strong puritanical streak that fuels his determination to tell the world how awful some privileged people are. His guiding principle could be defined as "Nice people don't make news." Much of his success is due to the fact that his targets tend to be people whom a lot of other people would like to see impaled in print—plus a superb network of contacts Libel writs, he says, "are the Oscars of my profession" He courts them also as a frequent, though anonymous, contributor to the "Grovel" gossip column in the satirical weekly *Private Eye*. It is Fleet Street's worst-kept secret, and gives Dempster far wider licence for opinion than the *Mail*. On winning a defamation case himself, against a radio station, Dempster described the settlement as "less than a Ferrari but more than a Mini" He works a minimum 50-hour a week, spending nearly an hour each day on calls to contacts in New York and Los Angeles

Dempster is a household name along with a handful of other "personality" columnists such as Jean Rook of the *Daily Express* The secret, says one ex-colleague, is that "he works hard and believes in what he is doing" Whatever his future plans, Dempster's style is perceptibly maturing It's unlikely that nowadays he would, as on Derby day 1978, come to blows with a rival gossip writer, both immaculately attired in cutaway coats and grey tophats, or deliberately spark off such an incident as he did in Manhattan's celebrity haunt, Elaine's The story, as he tells it with some relish, is that actor George Plimpton came in, gave an alarmed and pointed look at Dempster and his journalist friends, and retired to a corner Dempster promptly got down on the floor, began barking like a dog, crawled on all fours to Plimpton's table and gave him a sharp nip in the ankle. It was the talk of New York for days.

Carol Kennedy



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Anatomy of a Soviet defection

On June 5 in Gander, Nfld., a young Soviet engineer whose electronics and computer specialties involved him in highly secret work with satellites, stepped off an Aeroflot flight bound for Cuba, escaped the notice of Soviet police monitoring the stopover and asked the first likely official he found to call the police. He was a defector. Defections are not unusual in Newfoundland, since it is a crossroads for many Eastern bloc flights and a base for their trawlers fishing in Canadian waters. Last year 15 Cubans, five Czechs, five Poles, a Russian and a Romanian left plane or ship for asylum in the province. There have been 18 so far this year.

Most often they are tourists or fishermen, the arrival of a sensitively placed Russian like Oleg Shmelyoff, 27, is unusual. So, perhaps, is Shmelyoff's motive, his idealistic love of Western values, his abiding hatred of Soviet Communism, incubated during his childhood and nurtured during years of intellectual isolation when his one goal was to get out. Shmelyoff expresses dismay at the complacency with which the Western nations view Soviet might, and he spoke with Maclean's correspondent Geoff Hunt in St. John's thinking his own story might contribute to an awakening.

Maclean's *Why did you defect?*

Shmelyoff I long had badly wanted to get out of the Soviet Union, and for years looked for opportunities and made plans. My reasons can be simply summed up as my aversion to the Soviet system, but I think they are difficult to convey can the Western mind, used to all this freedom and plenty, really understand living under the daily frustrations of Communist bureaucracy, the shortages, the killed opportunities, the lies and propaganda, the fear of speaking out? [Even] as a schoolboy, if with a boy's understanding, I was developing serious doubts about the system. School itself was the lesson, with its regimentation and dogma, its first concern to subjugate the student to the collective. There was the official reprimand I received in fifth or sixth grade for my choice in the essay "My Favorite Book," *The Count of Monte Cristo*. I was ridiculed and ostracized a good pupil would have chosen the lives of heroes of the revolution.

And the hypocritical hierarchy of privilege was plain to see at that large naval base in the North not far from Murmansk where, at least till I defected, my parents still had civilian jobs. The same high-ranking officers who would come to give us lectures on building Communism lived in luxury compared to the non-Coms and civilians. As I grew older, reading and listening to Western broadcasts helped to broaden my understanding. I was deeply affected by Solzhenitsyn's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovitch* and felt utter horror as the country learned of the 20 million murders in Stalin's prisons and camps. And the nature of Soviet aggression was bared to me by the invasion of Czechoslovakia in '68. I think of the treatment of my uncle, a war invalid, and his family, who lived in the Far North. It took them two years in the late '50s to obtain permission to move south to an easier climate. So I hate the system. I sometimes thought about trying to adjust and make a successful career, but finally my disenchantment would not allow it. Better to concentrate my abilities on winning a chance to travel, which could lead to escape.



DEFF GREEN

'What I have seen has exceeded all my expectations'

Maclean's *How did you prepare to defect?*

Shmelyoff I had to be seen as a zealous Soviet citizen, keep a good social record, it would be needed for access to the type of profession that gives opportunities to go abroad. My first step, when I was still 15 in the summer of 1969, was to attend a youth labor camp held at the Black Sea for activists of the Young Communist League, in which virtually every Soviet youth is prudently a member. Back at school I took up English, deliberately obtaining low marks in it to disguise my interest. I wanted to attend a technical university for the type of education I would need for the West. I was accepted at the Moscow Engineering Power Institute. My specialty was computers and remote control, automated systems.

I rose steeply in the Young Communists. By about 1973, six of us ardent YCL activists received the important assignment to receive delegations of American and Latin American students studying in Europe—a chance to practise my English and Spanish. But since we had to stick to the unrealistic official Soviet line, a blatant propaganda exercise, the Americans just beat us on every point of discussion and the meetings were soon stopped.

Then came an offer from the KGB in the spring of 1974. I was an obvious target for them because of my excellent YCL record, and it seems they were interested in my Latin American friends as possible instruments of Soviet influence once they returned home. They wanted any personal information I could provide. I was frightened. To go with the KGB is to enter a system with no way back. I knew cases of people just ceasing to collaborate with them, but these people were finished, their lives became very poor. Mildly, I turned the offer down, posing as someone interested only in scientific activity. So the KGB left me alone, but after that my entry into the Communist party was stopped.

Maclean's *Was that a major setback?*

Shmelyoff I thought all was over, that I would never be allowed to leave the Soviet Union, and my emotions began to take control. I began to think I would rather stop wearing this mask of hypocrisy, posing as a model citizen, and to



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You can pour whisky

try to gain permission to emigrate by arranging a marriage of convenience with a Jewish woman But I saw that the policy of letting some Jews emigrate, initiated at the time of détente in 1972, was just hypocrisy and fraught with danger, designed as it is just to appease the West in exchange for badly needed high technology Someone applying to emigrate may face anything from a heavy prison term to easy emigration, by Soviet standards

Gradually I was becoming aware that I would not be allowed to leave the country without hostages to leave behind, a wife and children, this is a rule everybody knows about, and since my school days I knew I couldn't bring myself to marry someone just to use her as a springboard

Maclean's *What was your next step?*

Shmalyoff I went to work for an institute that was working to equip a satellite to study the state of the ionosphere and its propagation characteristics—very useful to the military for forecasting the radio frequencies likely to be used by the Americans I made it my business to get acquainted with the organization and internal structure of the institute, who were the influential administrators, who had say over trips abroad A trip to Yugoslavia fell through in 1978 because of my access to classified information

Maclean's *But despite that restriction, you finally got your trip.*

Shmalyoff Yes Last year my superiors decided I should go to Cuba If this chance to defect were to fall through, I was determined to end this charade and openly break with the Soviet Union by applying to emigrate I think what

'I did not believe relations could be so beautiful'



DICK GREEN

sealed my final approval to go was that I had finally found a hostage, or more precisely, a hostage-to-be I feel some remorse that I deceived this girl with the promise we would marry after my return from Cuba, but I felt it was necessary

Maclean's: *Were you confident of success?*

Shmalyoff: I assumed even an attempt in Gander could be dangerous I learned from my friends numerous examples of failed defections And there were the hair-raising cases where the KGB would inject a man so he would appear sick or just drunk I knew of men the KGB had abducted and took back some time after they had defected, such as canoe champion Vlados Chessyunas, carried out of West Germany on Sept 13, 1979 In case of physical confrontation I armed myself with a handy pocketknife, pepper to throw in the eyes and a seven-inch rod recommended by my commando friend as very damaging grasped in a fist The plane left the ground at midnight in Moscow You can imagine my joy Now for the 7½ hours to Gander I would summon every ounce of hatred I had ever felt for the Soviet regime, to keep unwelcome doubt from intruding; and, really, this proved not too difficult The stopover at Gander was for one hour, and as all the passengers disembarked it was easy to mingle with some Mexican passengers I walked toward a room marked "Allied Operations" There was a man in a blue suit. Hoping to prod him into instant action, I embellished my story "I am a Soviet intelligence officer on my way to Cuba to monitor NATO naval exercises I wish to stay in Canada and I have valuable information Quickly, call the police There are two KGB men following me and they may be armed." I stepped as if to hide behind a glass partition and the security guard straightaway radioed the RCMP. The head of immigration in Gander was also called and arrived in a short time So did the Soviet representative in Gander, but I refused to talk to him except in English so the police could understand Then I was taken to a hotel and registered under an assumed name The RCMP and immigration questioned me for an hour or so, then suggested I get some sleep, but I could not, though it was my second sleepless night in a row I was very happy to be in the West

Maclean's *Will there be reprisals against your relatives?*

Shmalyoff My parents will be in greatest jeopardy, I think. It's possible the authorities at that naval base will order them out of their jobs and home with just 24 hours' notice, and nowhere to go They have some savings, but they might be forced to leave behind all their belongings I wouldn't expect my sister in Leningrad, whom I will miss the most, to be so severely affected, but she may be economically blacklisted.

Maclean's. *Have you had any regrets, second thoughts?*

Shmalyoff No, except that I will miss my relatives My hatred of Communism has hardly diminished, it has intensified, and the system's everyday aspects have poisoned everything about Russia for me You know, during the last few years I saw a great deal of the countryside, drove to the Crimea and to Leningrad and flew the breadth of the country to the island of Sakhalin in the Far East, and as I surveyed this vast country my dominant thought was that nowhere was there a single place in it for me, I rejected it all I cannot say I have ever felt myself to be a Russian, the very sense of a Russian nationality has been all but destroyed by the Communists It was as good as murdered, its rural backbone destroyed by Stalin in the 1930s, and the process of emasculation is still going on It is not the state but the national culture that is withering away, and even the language, in its pure form so beautiful and precise, has been totally polluted by their socialist jargon

Maclean's *Do you find the West complacent?*

Shmalyoff. Yes, appallingly so. The way it has broken ranks with the US in opposing the most recent Soviet aggression is a dereliction. Whereas Soviet rulers make their every move part of long-term strategy, the Western powers, even after Afghanistan, continue to follow their shortsighted policies, such as the sale of high technology, for a short-term gain

Maclean's *Has Western living kept its appeal to you now that you are actually here?*

Shmalyoff What I have seen so far has exceeded all my expectations The people, the human relations—people are so friendly and polite I did not imagine human relations could be so beautiful, and it's all the more obvious contrasted with Communist propaganda They are afraid of the human face of the West. In the Soviet Union people are plagued by the everyday problems and especially in Moscow they are very spiteful and angry and rude

Maclean's *What lies ahead for you?*

Shmalyoff I think the period of adaption will go very smoothly for me, after all, it's the continuation of a period of creative effort of more than a decade I look with hope at all the opportunities here and I am eager to work in North America and build a life I am very happy to be able to work to make North America even more beautiful and strong



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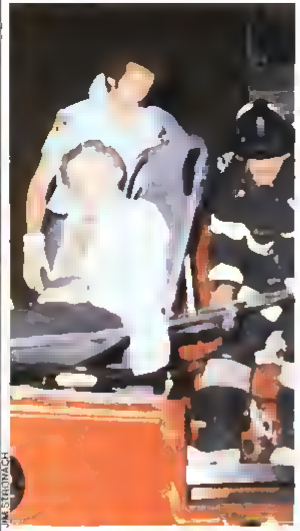
Carrying the burden

I read with interest your article *Nursing Homes. Everybody's Nightmare* (Cover, July 28). One of the saddest aspects facing the aged today is that the acute shortage of nursing care facilities for the geriatric patient encourages many elderly people to enter homes long before they need to—before they become a burden on their relatives. Many empty houses in the outports of this province bare mute testimony to this. I feel the emphasis should definitely be on supportive care at home. This has been operative and very successful in Britain for years. I'm sure the "Big Mac" approach would be efficient and profitable, but also sterile and dehumanizing. Any home with more than 30 residents inevitably becomes an institution.

JENNIFER HUFF,
GANDER, NFLD.

Your article on nursing homes was, in my opinion, very one-sided. I have worked in nursing homes in Alberta and Saskatchewan for 6½ years, 1½ of those with Extendicare. All of the homes I have been associated with have trained their staff to care sincerely for the residents and provide them with a lifestyle that is happier than if they had remained at home. Our nursing homes would be better places if the families and community cared enough to get involved with the activities and helped the pioneers of this country who provided us with a better standard of living.

JANET STOROZUK,
SHERWOOD PARK, ALTA.



JAN STEINBACH

The nursing home nightmare resolving the problems of age

Your article on the horror of the Mississauga nursing home blaze indeed points out much of society's attitude toward the old. Nursing homes are a necessity, but they can be, and often are, overused. An alternative to this type of institutional care for the elderly and one which you mention is home care, such as the Victorian Order of Nurses has been providing since 1897. In addition to our home nursing program, some of the VON's 74 branches administer support services such as senior citizen counselling, homemaking, meals on wheels and friendly visitor/family support—all designed to help the elderly remain at home and maintain their independence for as long as possible. Home care can be six times less expensive than institutional care. The VON believes the elderly are a vital and integral part of our society—individuals who by virtue of their age need a little more help, a little more care and understanding in coping with their daily lives.

ADA E. MCEWAN,
NATIONAL DIRECTOR,
VICTORIAN ORDER OF NURSES
FOR CANADA, OTTAWA

Okanagan serenade

Proud as we are of our fiscal integrity, our accumulated surplus for our 1979-80 season is closer to $6,000, rather than the $13,723 stated in your article *Some Sympathy for the Symphonies* (Music, Aug. 4). In spite of increased audiences we had a small deficit for the year, covered by the previous surplus. That remaining surplus will have disappeared by the start of our 1980-81 season to cover general operating expenses including salaries to 11 contract musicians, music director, choral director and manager, who are joined by 40 dedicated amateur players and 100 singers to make music the length and breadth of the Okanagan Valley.

JOHN A. WILSON, MANAGER,
THE OKANAGAN SYMPHONY SOCIETY
KELOWNA, B.C.

Kids as weapons

Child-snatching as discussed in your article *Tearing the Ties That Bind* (U.S.A., July 7) is a symptom of a much greater problem rather than being a problem in itself. The real problem is the inability of lawyers and judges to deal with the highly emotional problems of access and custody. A very few non-custodial parents snatch their children as a way of hurting their former spouse, but most of them do it out of the frustration of being denied reasonable access to their children. The fact of custody gives the custodial parent a very potent weapon to use against the other parent, especially if he/she cares about his/her children. Unfortunately, many custodial parents cannot resist the temptation to use this weapon. The real kidnappers are the judges who make custody orders and then support custodial parents who use their children as weapons.

ARTHUR R. POWELL, REGINA, SASK.

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No ill effects

Larry Black's article *A Worrying Case of the VDTs* (Labor, July 28) is clearly misleading in parts and helps contribute to the anxiety that continues to be created with respect to people working with these units. He does this by claiming that findings at an international conference in Milan last March concluded that "50 per cent of VDT users report eyestrain, 29 per cent headaches, 43 per cent anxiety and 40 per cent depression." That was never the conclusion reached at the conference. These statistics were taken from one of the approximately 50 papers given during the three-day event. As a delegate at the conference I can say that, after addressing all aspects of VDTs, the only agreement that was reached was that we must stop talking about radiation hazard from these machines and that we are creating more illness and anxiety in people by suggesting such hazards when much research and testing has dispelled this problem.

DR R H PORTER ASSISTANT VICE-PRESIDENT (HEALTH AND SAFETY)
BELL CANADA, TORONTO

We fear that your article might unnecessarily cause anxiety to the thousands of video display terminal operators across Canada. It concludes with the ominous prediction that "cathode tube operators are going to be the asbestos workers of the future." Fortunately, this is not the case. The health advocacy unit of the department of public health for the City of Toronto recently prepared two separate studies of health effects of both asbestos and radiation from VDTs, and we regret that the connection between the two was ever made. Exposure to asbestos is indeed a serious health hazard. Radiation exposure from VDTs is an entirely different matter. After a rigorous analysis of the machines, the advocacy unit concluded that there is no scientific data to suggest that radiation from VDTs is a health hazard. However, VDTs may indeed have adverse effects totally unrelated to radiation. Our report recommends that non-radiation effects such as eyestrain, headaches, fatigue and stress be studied.

GERALD L. CAPLAN, UNIT CO ORDINATOR
HEALTH ADVOCACY UNIT, TORONTO

Becoming contemporary

Perhaps the rest of Canada could extend an invitation to Sterling Lyon's Conservative government in Manitoba to join us in the 20th century, providing of course they abandon such Draconian measures as outlined in a *A Gift Tax for the Poor* (Canada, July 21).

DON DELHOMEAU MELFORT, SASK.

HOW MUCH WILL YOUR HOMEOWNERS INSURANCE REALLY REPLACE?

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LE CHÂTEAU FRONTENAC. QUÉBEC.

Québec City appears to have been built around it. This famed castle with its magnificent view of the St. Lawrence rises majestically over Old Québec, the city where the past is always present. Newly restored, Le Château now combines consummate elegance with complete modern conveniences.

CHATEAU HALIFAX.

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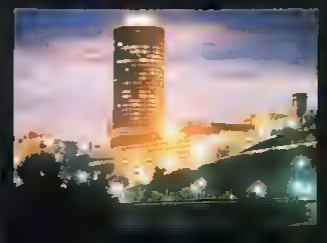
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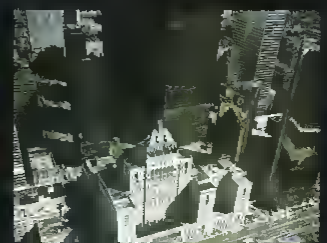
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Follow-up

Encounters of a marital kind

There were more than 7,000 joyous celebrants gathered at the Montreal Forum last month for Marriage Encounter's first national francophone convention. But the 11,000 empty seats revealed much more about the state of the Roman Catholic Church's organization (*Maclean's*, May 7, 1979). When the Spanish-inspired move-



Montreal 'encounter' needs some air

ment—which aims to save marriage, the family and the church from a "world apparently intent on yielding to rampant selfishness," in the words of its former chief proponent, American Jesuit Chuck Gallagher—reached French Canada in September, 1975, it achieved wide popularity almost overnight. Tens of thousands of couples lined up to part with up to as much as $180 for a "weekend of ecstasy," 44 hours sequestered with as many as 25 other couples in a hotel or motel for lectures, discussions and—most important of all—plenty of hugging, kissing and weeping to culminate in renewed vows not only between husband and wife, but between the couple and the church.

As recently as last year, 6,000 couples a month were being "encountered" across Canada. But now, in spite of reported accelerated growth in the West, the figure has plummeted to between 2,000 and 3,000, due largely to a "dramatic plunge" in recruitment among francophones. "There was a lot of bad publicity," complains an otherwise taciturn Yves Daigle who, with wife, Pam, and Rev. Samuel Chasson, forms Can-



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ada's "national team" (each team is made up of one couple and a priest)

But bad publicity is the least of Marriage Encounter's problems. There are signs of ossification in the movement, even though it prides itself on its spontaneity and openness. "What happened to Marriage Encounter is what happens to everybody and to every group; it became institutionalized," explains Rev. Nazaire Auger, one of the movement's most energetic supporters. One result is that it seems to have lost its inspirational and rule-abhorring leader, Gallagher, who now devotes his considerable energies to promoting a new Christian cause in the United States. One more consequence is significant "defections" to Cursillos, another Spanish-inspired movement, which aims to "provide a Christian example to guide a profoundly ill world," working through small groups. So accusations of "elitism," of "finding security in rules and structures," abound. Donations have fallen off sharply. A secretariat in Thurso, Que., which looked after the largest number of encountered couples in the country, had to close last June. *Monde Nouveau* (New World), Marriage Encounter's monthly publication in western Quebec, is no longer distributed free to 70,000 couples and, with only 2,500 paid subscriptions, the paper's life may be short. And a just-released report on the movement prepared by the assistants of the seven bishops of Montreal makes a number of cautionary statements about "recruitment techniques that may fail to respect the freedom of the individual . . . a weekend experience that is too dense and needs some air . . . and that the notion of priest as spouse of the church is theologically unsound."

But if the organization is anemic in francophone Canada it is very healthy in Latin America, Europe and especially the United States, according to Belgian priest Guido Heyrbaut, an intense "roving missionary," in Montreal for the gathering of the couples. "About 400,000 couples have been encountered in California alone, some one million in the whole of the U.S.," beams Heyrbaut.

Meanwhile, at the Montreal Forum it is the end of a superbly orchestrated mass celebrated by some 200 white-robed priests and bishops and everything seems just fine. "Don't be afraid to follow your leaders. If recruitment continues at present rates there may never be another meeting like this," had been the dire warning of Chiasson. "It was better than a hockey game," chuckled Jules and Marie Hébert from nearby Laval. Perhaps, but while the Forum will soon fill with cheering Canadiens fans, it is less likely to witness another gathering of "encountered" couples.

André McNicoll

The day the news caught fire

By Doug Fetherling

It's already going down in the history of the newspaper business as Black Wednesday, but it was more than that—it was the day when all the rumors finally came true. Within just 11 hours last week, a fabulous epoch in Canadian journalism came to an end—along with at least two large daily papers, *The Winnipeg Tribune* and the *Ottawa Journal*, and the jobs of 800 employees. Of more permanent and dangerous import was the naked fact that the rivalry between the industry's two monoliths, Thomson Newspapers Ltd. and Southam Inc., ceased to exist. As the fine-line syntax of newspaper stylebooks would have it, everybody was surprised but no one amazed. The writing had long been on the wall, though few seemed able—or willing—to decipher it until it was too late.

Ever since Kenneth Thomson emerged victorious last January from a seven-week bidding war for ownership of FP Publications Ltd., observers within and without the business had wondered what he would do with his prize. Their opinions placed them in two different camps. First were those optimists who thought that genetics didn't matter, that the present Lord Thomson of Fleet would eschew the ways of his late father, Roy Thomson, and begin a new era of vigorous publishing competition in selected centres across the country. After all, Thomson (oil, department stores and about 130 other newspapers on this continent alone) is the richest man in Canada. Hope persisted somehow that he would take a cue from Orson Welles' Charles Foster Kane ("You're right. We did lose a million dollars last year. We expect to lose a million next year, too. At the rate of a million a year we'll have to close this place—in 60 years.") And then there were the pessimists.

The pessimistic view was that all Thomson wanted out of the FP deal was the Toronto *Globe and Mail* with its influence and prestige, that it would become some sort of national Gargantua, that the five other papers would be sold off or shut down if buyers couldn't be found. This was an interpretation that quickly gained credence as the months wore on. In June, Thomson sold the chronically anemic *Calgary Albertan* to the Toronto Sun Publishing Corp., which transformed it into *The Calgary Sun*, the third in its tabloid mini-chain which also includes *Suns* in Toronto and Edmonton. In July he announced that his two Victoria papers, the *Victoria Times* and *The Daily Colonist*, would merge as a new entity to be called the *Times-Colonist* (see page 64). But even those acts—and the more recent scuttlebutt that Southam was antsy to break up Pacific Press Ltd., a partnership by which it pooled overhead with Thomson on the two Vancouver dailies—sounded the mildest of alarms. The feeling persisted that Thomson would sit back and take time to consider the fate of the *Ottawa Journal* which, despite continual losses, was finally beginning to come abreast of Southam's Ottawa *Citizen*, just as Southam's *Winnipeg Tribune*, for its part, was beginning to prove itself a worthy foe of Thomson's *Win-*



Ottawa 'Journal' Publisher Wood, pressroom foreman Barry Powell the front page sendoffs of two great papers: at least the 'Journal' scooped its bosses—just in time



Thomson and Tory at take-over time, last January. Black Wednesday changed their image.

nipeg *Free Press*. Then came Black Wednesday.

On Tuesday evening, *Journal* Executive Editor Jim Renmie had given one of his pep talks to the staff engaged in putting out next morning's Ottawa Valley regional edition. He had reason to be buoyant. Before Thomson acquired it, the paper had undergone a long strike and had switched to morning publication in the hope of stealing a march on the *Citizen*. Because of difficulty in attracting advertisers, the financial picture was still bleak (losses of $3.4 million so far for the year.) But the situation in other ways was improving: daily circulation was up about 25 per cent to 126,000 daily and 135,000 on Saturdays. At about 11 p.m., Publisher Arthur Wood (helmsman of FP's *Montreal Star* when it collapsed last year, leaving the Southam's *Gazette* Canada's most important minority newspaper) received the fateful message. Following industry custom (with its implicit fear of sabotage), Thomson headquarters had informed the staff that the day just completed would be the last. In all, 375 people would lose their jobs, including some 20-year veterans and one young reporter, Douglas Yonson, who had been hired just the day before. He heard the news at home on his bedside radio.

Long faces at the *Journal* were still lengthening and plans were being laid for the traditional newsman's wake when, at 9:12 a.m. local time, the boom fell in similar fashion on the weaker of Winnipeg's two papers, the morning *Tribune*. The story was much the same. Southam had lost an estimated $3 million in the face of recalcitrant advertisers, though the paper's new look and editorial vigor had increased the circulation in five years by 35 per cent (to 100,000 copies per day). The scene in the newsroom was bleak, but the paper's final edition concealed the bitterness. At the *Journal*, the last day's front-banner headline read OTTAWA JOURNAL CLOSED after editors spiked a suggestion for THOMSON SINKS ANOTHER PAPER. By contrast, the *Tribune* went out with a good cheer: IT'S BEEN 90 GREAT YEARS! That done, many of the 400 suddenly jobless workers began cleaning out their desks and lockers, preparing for their own newspaper wake at the Winnipeg Press Club in the Marlborough Inn. At about the same time, the status quo in Vancouver was being assaulted, though in a way less dramatic and with results that resist clear-cut interpretation.

The official version of the events from the two publishing concerns is that the closures at the *Journal* and the *Tribune* were unrelated to one another and to events in Vancouver, where money had changed hands. This part of the drama had its origins in 1965, when FP's afternoon *Sun* and Southam's morning *Province* decided to pool their plant and equipment while maintaining their editorial aloofness from one another. The result was a holding company, Pacific Press Ltd., owned jointly by the two companies, which would split profits in good years and losses in bad. The trouble, as it became increasingly clear, was that the smaller, weaker *Province* was forever watering down with its deficits what would otherwise have been the *Sun*'s gains. What is more, the two could seldom agree on how to head off labor unrest. To keen observers, the relationship was becoming shaky as the *Sun* grew weary and the *Province* surprisingly cocky. (Earlier in the month, for instance, Southam lured away FP's commentator Allan Fotheringham, whose column is thought to add untold thousands in circulation to whichever paper prints it.) Such was the genesis of Black Wednesday.

In a deal kept secret until the deed was done, but hinted at in a dozen tiny ways, Southam Inc. paid Thomson $57.4 million for its 50-per-cent interest in Pacific Press—that is, for *The Vancouver Sun* (see page 41). In the bargain, Southam also got back a minority interest in its own *Montreal Gazette*, which had come to Thomson as a sweetener in an earlier negotiation. Southam, for its part, gave Thomson the presses and physical plant of *The Winnipeg Tribune*—extra capacity the *Winnipeg Free Press* may well need to take advantage of its new stranglehold on that market. But this still left the question of what would happen to the face of Vancouver journalism. Here, too, there are two camps.

St. Clair Balfour, chairman of Southam, holds out unspecific promises. "Vancouver is significantly larger than either Winnipeg or Ottawa," he says. "We see an additional newspaper there." He added that "Vancouver suffered largely because of disastrous strikes" by the craft unions rather than because of general economic conditions. He and other Southam officials even hint at the possibility, at some future time, of a third Vancouver paper, probably a tabloid. "In any event," says Balfour, "I would think it will be three months" before bugs are ironed out and any plans made final. To newspapermen, however, none of this is as yet clear, and they are suspicious that the existing papers may in time become one. "It reminds me of the jollying-along the people got at the *Journal* or the *Tribune*—right before the axe fell," says one. But then the news professionals are understandably bitter—not just at the irreparable loss of two more Canadian dailies, but at what they consider callous tactics even by the standards of an industry not known for its generous employee-management relations.

One of the sticky questions is that of severance pay, a subject that still rankles because of the 1971 closure of *The Toronto Telegram*, some of whose workers ended up going to court for back benefits. As the events of last week



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unfolded, Southam announced that all *Tribune* staff would be paid full salary through the end of the year plus an extra week's pay for each six months on the job. Thomson, however, offered *Journal* employees a cheque for three months' work in addition to a week's pay for every six months of service up to a maximum of 52 weeks. And one part of the Thomson organization affected by Black Wednesday—the high-toned FP News Service—had to bargain for severance parity with the *Journal*.

For months, the fate of the news service had hung in the balance, with persistent stonewalling from Thomson officials as one employee after another left for more stable fields. With *The Globe and Mail* refusing to use the service, the *Albertan* sold, *The Montreal Star* mouldering in its grave, the *Ottawa Journal* and *The Vancouver Sun* gone, only two possible customers remained: the *Winnipeg Free Press* and the lowly *Lethbridge Herald*, the last



CP

Southam President Fisher delivers the bad news in person to 'Tribune' newsroom than the tremors spread westward to Vancouver

vestiges of the original pre-Thomson FP web. Clearly, Thomson executives wanted the service to go away and die quietly. On Wednesday, Service Editor Doug Small insisted on a formal decision and was told no severance pay would be authorized for the dozen remaining employees. Small argued and finally received the promise of benefits—but only if he, not the Thomson executives, announced the disbanding, thus sparing them a bit more of the inevitable public relations fallout for decisions it felt it had to take for sound business reasons.

By getting it all over with in a single day when Parliament was conveniently not in session, the two former competitors hoped to minimize the heat and the possibility of lingering criticism. Yet the plan (already delayed a week so as not to draw fire during the Winnipeg premiers' meeting) was hardly carried out with paramilitary precision.

Wednesday morning, Balfour phoned the office of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau to give him advance warning of the deal. The PM was out (Press Secretary Jim Coutts took the call), but had known the details already from reading the *Journal*: the paper's last scoop, and one at the expense of the people who were pulling its plug. When the paper hit the streets, the deal had not yet been made final. In fact, Thomson Newspapers President John Tory was in a meeting with Toronto lawyers ironing out fine points as late in the game as 8 a.m. Wednesday. Informed sources claim senior Thomson officials were angered by the leak caused by their taking cognizance of *The Globe and Mail*'s deadlines while ignoring those of the *Journal* and which necessitated a hasty recasting of the dreaded press release.

By noon, the Toronto Stock Exchange had ordered a one-day suspension of trading in Thomson and Southam shares. But before the ban could be implemented, Thomson A shares climbed by 62 cents to a 1980 high of $19, leaving the damaging, however erroneous, impression of inside shenanigans. In fairness, though, the bulls were reacting mostly to other news. With some of the worst timing in the annals of corporate flakery, Thomson Newspapers had earlier that day released its consolidated profit figures for the first six months of 1980. The sum was $34 million, up almost $5 million from the same period in 1979. All across town, as newsmen frowned or wept in their beer, the PR community did little but wince. ✪

With files from Peter Carlyle-Gordge, Thomas Hopkins, Pauline O'Connor and Merilyn Read

New Brunswick

Closing in for the kill?

By David Folster

After a decade of faltering Liberal rule, Richard Bennett Hatfield came to power in 1970 as the New Brunswick Tories' fair-haired boy. Earnestness was his pitch, credibility his biggest asset. "I give you my word, and my word is good," he declared. The credible image was eventually pocked, notably by the Bricklin sports car fiasco, but he still won re-election twice. By last week, however, Hatfield's competence and integrity as a provincial leader (and, by extension, his credibility as a national constitutional debater) were once more under assault—and the premier faced the gravest crisis of his 10 years in office.

Specifically, Hatfield stood accused of condoning illegal Tory fund-raising practices and of lying to the N.B. legislature and public when he said, in 1977, that he had "no knowledge" of a political kickbacks scheme. His accuser: provincial Liberal leader Joseph Zenon Daigle, who said the premier had violated his oath of office and should resign. Normally the kind of rhetoric that could be dismissed as so much political posturing, Daigle's case this time was buttressed by a recent court judgment that declared the Tories had concocted a fund-raising plan that "bordered on extortion."

In finding Fredericton lawyer Francis Atkinson, a member of the party's finance committee, guilty of corruptly paying an agent inside the government for information on contracts and purchases, Mr. Justice J. Paul Barry (*Maclean's*, Aug. 11) also said he found "very difficult to believe" Hatfield's testimony at the trial that he had lingered only briefly at a 1972 meeting when the plan was discussed. Barry also condemned the Conservatives' practice of helping, with supplements from the finance committee's coffers, cabinet ministers and others who encountered financial difficulty. "The committee could theoretically become more powerful than the government in some matters," he warned.

Last week, Hatfield called a press conference to deal with these and Daigle's charges. With characteristic calm, he had composed himself while waiting a full fortnight, now his response was lengthy, indignant, sometimes supercilious and, above all, self-absolving. Had he known about the agent the party planted in the government purchasing department, the premier said, he would have removed him. He admitted telling party fund-raisers to get contributions from recipients of government contracts but specifically forbade them to collect amounts based on hard and fast percentages, as Liberals and others have charged was being done.

As for Barry's comments on the propriety of the party's "special assistance" payments to its politicians and workers, Hatfield agreed judges had to be "exquisitely sensitive" to conflict of interest possibilities. But, he argued, "it is not appropriate to apply that same type of sensitivity to the political process where the double role of elected persons is an established part of the



CHARTRAND/CP



JAMES W. LSON

Hatfield at press conference and (left) Daigle above all, self-absolving

unwritten portion of our constitution." It was a remarkable statement—leaving unanswered what else might be unwritten in the constitution—and in saying it Hatfield seemed to be arguing that different rules applied for politicians and political-party faithful than for the rest of society.

Still, with his aggressive counter-attack, Hatfield managed to deflect some of the heat, at least temporarily. It was what Liberals, who hold a grudging respect for Hatfield's political wiles, had feared might happen. Two days later Daigle held his own press conference and declared that, since Hatfield had ignored his earlier call to resign, the premier should at least summon the legislature back into session for a "face-to-face confrontation" over the allegations. But, at week's end, Hatfield was showing no inclination to comply with that request either.

For Hatfield, dancing along a political high wire is nothing new. In 1974, he successfully campaigned for re-election while riding in a Bricklin as a symbol of his government's successful industrial initiatives, two days after the election, promoter Malcolm Bricklin pointedly revealed the venture was in imminent danger of collapse unless it received a $7-million government infusion (Bricklin got his money, but the project died a year later). More recently, the Conservatives have been getting heavy flak over low worker productivity and high-cost overruns at the Point Lepreau nuclear power station, still under construction near Saint John (*Maclean's*, July 7). But Hatfield's most persistent problem has been the kickback allegations, which really began after he dismissed a cabinet minister, Charles Van Horne, eight years ago for hugely overspending his tourism department budget.

Van Horne (who later received a two-year suspended sentence and was placed on probation for accepting a bribe) bitterly charged that the Conservatives had a kickbacks setup and that its cover-up would "make Watergate look like a regular Sunday night bingo game." Meanwhile, RCMP investigators, who had been called in to probe tourism department dealings, also heard from a Newcastle contractor and friend of Van Horne's, Jack Matchett, that kickbacks of between two and 10 per cent were being charged. Matchett's allegation caused consternation within the RCMP. Superintendent J. B. Giroux, head of the criminal investigation branch in Fredericton, had originally instructed his men to give priority to any evidence of kickbacks. But, after being briefed on



Sutherland Manner: a two-per-cent-memo



JAMES WILSON



FREDERICTON GLEANER

Tory Atkinson (above) and Liberal Higgins (below) Mounties had to change practices

the Matchett interview, he told them *not* to investigate anything related to political contributions because they lacked "sufficient grounds." The three investigators bridled at the decision and eventually conveyed their frustrations to superiors in Ottawa. An internal RCMP review of the matter ensued.

None of that, however, became public until 1977, after former Liberal leader Robert Higgins charged in the N.B. House that the Tories had a kickbacks system and that the government's justice department had thwarted RCMP probes of it—to the point where the Mounties had changed their usual practice of informing the department before getting search warrants. Higgins demanded a royal commission investigation, but Hatfield, instead, established a one-man judicial inquiry into claims of political interference with the police.

At the inquiry, Giroux testified he had formed the opinion on his own "that we did not have sufficient grounds to pursue the investigation and I told them [the investigators] they should not pursue these matters, the party contributions." He so informed Justice Minister John Baxter and "the minister was satisfied," Giroux noted in a memo to file. In January, 1978, N.B. Chief Justice Charles Hughes, the inquiry commissioner, cleared Baxter and the justice department entirely, and Higgins promptly resigned.

By then, however—as a result of new information and complaints—the Mounties were in fact back investigating political fund-raising. In April, 1977, Atkinson was charged with extortion in connection with a small Fredericton trucking firm that had received government contracts, but the case was dismissed after a preliminary hearing. Earlier this year, another finance committee member, Lawrence Machum, was acquitted after evidence seized from Atkinson was ruled inadmissible, and charges against Allan (Chowder) Woodworth, the party's plant in government purchasing, were withdrawn.

After Atkinson was found guilty in late July, his lawyer charged his client

Brushes with the bagmen

How much did Richard Hatfield know about patronage and fund-raising within the N.B. Conservative party? At the very least he had some close brushes with what was going on. Examples:

Aug. 19, 1971. Hatfield attends local Tory executive meeting in Fredericton and discusses government liquor commission. Typewritten summary says Hatfield agreed on need to bring more effective control of the commission to the party. At Atkinson trial Hatfield testifies comments attributed to him by summary are "offensive" and claimed a lot of statements in there I did not make. Summary was prepared by lawyer Murray Cain whom Tories later appointed registrar of N.B. Supreme Court.

Nov. 1, 1971. Atkinson writes Hatfield that party has placed a "co-ordinator in purchasing within the government which "should solve a lot of our problems." Hatfield denies ever receiving the letter.

July 17, 1972. Tory finance committee and several cabinet ministers meet and discuss holding up government contracts and purchases until fund-raisers can contact would-be recipients. Hatfield also at meeting but says it was beginning of a weekend and he left within a few minutes. Judge found this testimony "very difficult to believe" but premier insists he told the truth. If Hatfield did leave early it could not have been for a weekend. July 18, 1972 was a Tuesday.

1974-76. Senator Lowell Murray, then premier's deputy, receives $15,000-$30,000 supplement from party finance committee. Arranged by premier's political assistant, Elizabeth Burnham. Hatfield denies knowledge of payment.



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CP

Ven Horne: making 'Watergate look like any regular Sunday night bingo game'

was being made a "scapegoat," and indeed Justice Barry wondered "why only the accused was being tried." For all that, last Friday Justice Minister Rodman Logan filed notice appealing Atkinson's unconditional discharge (Atkinson still faces a charge of nine counts of influence peddling, but the case has been held up for several months pending an appeal to the Supreme Court of Canada on validity of the charge.) Ironically, Atkinson was a victim of his own meticulous record-keeping—one example of which was a memo he wrote to Woodworth advising that Fredericton's Sutherland Marine and Equipment Ltd. had agreed to pay "two per cent on all government and related business."

But what of Richard Hatfield? It was the finance committee he personally appointed in the late 1960s that eventually got into trouble, and certainly the swirl of events and personalities involved came close to him (see box). But Hatfield denies intimate knowledge, while defending the "special assistance" the Tory committee provided, including a car for Justice Minister Baxter.

Hatfield may yet survive the immediate threat, but some New Brunswick observers believe he has been mortally wounded politically. The bachelor premier, whose lavish travel and entertainment expenses of $47,241 in 1979 have become a minor issue too, might be happy, after a decade in office, to move onto a larger stage. But first he must play out the dark drama back home. ◇

Ottawa

Jacks are better to open

Even after two solid months of talk, translation and transcription, the task of negotiating a new marriage contract between Ottawa and the 10 provinces seemed as Herculean last week as unravelling the Gordian knot. So as baggy-eyed teams of provincial bureaucrats straggled home from Ottawa, there was less faith given to the Canadian spirit of compromise than fear of the Trudeau sword impatiently slicing through the tangle—with little consensus, and on live television at that.



FRANKLIN/GLOBE AND MAIL

It will be up to Trudeau and the 10 premiers when they meet in Ottawa next week to build upon the random blocks of agreement that came out of the summer-long talks among their surrogates. If they can't, "We have to expect unilateral action, and we may even deserve it," said Tom Wells, Ontario's minister of intergovernmental affairs. It is a view tainted for Wells's peers by Ontario's surprising eagerness to back Trudeau. To its critics—and they include almost every other province—Ontario has abandoned the role of honest broker to win political points that Premier William Davis can carry into a possible fall election. Canada's largest and wealthiest province is Ottawa's only ally in the fight to establish clear federal paramountcy in the fields of natural resource control and powers over the economy, the two toughest fights Trudeau faces.

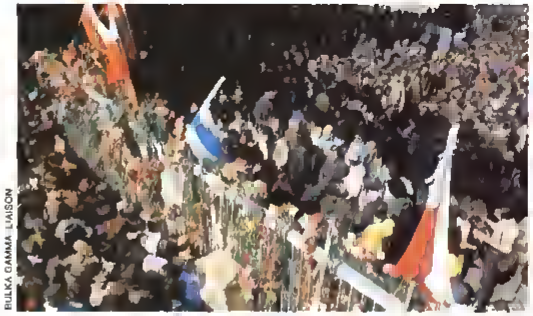
Ontario has even managed to sidestep the most controversial item in the statement of principles that will preface the constitution. A clause referring to the provinces as "freely united," mollified Quebec's desire for recognition of its right to self-determination. But Wells says he interprets the phrase to mean Canada came together without force—and that it implies nothing about separation. Other delegations found it difficult to understand how a province that joins freely cannot leave freely.

At this stage the talks are closer to a poker game than a debate. Each player has seen one or two cards from the other 10 in the game, but no one has revealed his full hand. By the time the first ministers meet next week, positions may change even on those issues now nearly resolved—equalization payments, family law, the principles of an amending formula. There is nothing to prevent Trudeau from reneging on the deal to give the provinces control of inshore fisheries, which was negotiated by the federal representative, Justice Minister Jean Chrétien. And there's no question Trudeau may have much to gain from the munificent, on-camera gesture of turning over control of telephone companies and cable television operators to the provinces—a move Chrétien fought last week.

In return, though, Trudeau will be seeking movement on such issues as resource control and powers over trade and commerce. It is those two complex issues that, once resolved, will break the logjam and allow the premiers to decide how new formats for the Senate and the Supreme Court would least threaten their interests. **Ian Anderson**

World

Compromises, compromises



BULKA GAMMA LIAISON



BULKA GAMMA LIAISON

Strikers at Lenin shipyard gates (left), Walesa and Jagielski: would the party once more succeed in rewriting history?

By Sue Masterman and Anton Koene

It was hailed as an "historic compromise," but, in the end, the settlement came almost as an anticlimax. After 17 suspenseful, strikebound days that stretched nerves and the country's fragile economy to snapping point, at week's end leaders of Poland's 600,000 rebellious workers made a deal with the Communist masters they had defied successfully for so long. But the solution agreed on with government negotiators seemed to fall some way short of the "free trade unions" which, strike leader Lech Walesa had maintained all along, was Point No. 1 on their list of 21 demands—the indispensable condition for a return to work.

As the Communist party's Central Committee met in Warsaw to endorse the recommendation of its chief negotiator, Deputy Premier Mieczyslaw Jagielski, and accept agreements initialed in the shipyards of Gdansk and Szczecin, the twin powerhouses of the strikes that nearly paralysed the nation, some workers were saying that compromise had been carried too far.

While conceding the right to strike and other worker demands, the key phrase in the agreement, over which a joint government-worker commission had been sweating most of the week, was one that stated that the proposed new unions would have "a socialist character in line with the constitution of the Polish People's Republic." This seemed to accept the continuing supremacy of the Communist party and, thus, to conflict with the commitment to "self-governing trade unions" which, officials in Warsaw said, was forthcoming from the government side.

Such niceties of interpretation went largely unremarked by the thousands of workers in Gdansk's Lenin shipyard, however. Roars of delight, from both sides of the flower-smothered gates, greeted the initialing of the agreement by Jagielski and Walesa, the Groucho-mustached father of six who, in three short weeks, had catapulted himself from obscurity as an out-of-work union dissident into the hearts of his followers and onto the world's TV screens.

It was a climax in character with a topsy-turvy week that had opened with the firing by party leader Edward Gierek of Prime Minister Edward Babiuch, the man whose announcement of increased meat prices had sparked the strikes, and other key members of his cabinet. In an attempt to assuage the workers' thirst for reform, Gierek—whose own head was widely thought to be on the block (he is still expected to go gracefully when things have quietened down)—also promised more open trade union election procedures. But the strikers turned him down flat.

Day after day the manoeuvring continued. In midweek a reluctant Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski, Poland's Roman Catholic Primate, was pressed into service to urge the strikers to restrain themselves—to no avail. Two days running, Jagielski failed to turn up for scheduled meetings with strikers' representatives. But such tactics—Walesa dismissed them as attempted intimidation—merely hardened the workers' resolve and brought closer the threat of a national stoppage.

Meanwhile, in the Lenin shipyard, the mood of the occupying workers ricocheted from elation, when a group of Austrian trade unionists turned up with a $10,000 donation, to jubilation, when three timid members of the Gdansk Philharmonic turned up to say that they too were on strike in solidarity, to anger, as the government delegation hedged and haggled.

But with the acceptance of agreement, the heat, if not the elation, began to go out of the movement and a return to work on Monday offered the hope of a welcome respite to Gierek and his har-

Workers at prayer: from elation to anger



LOOR/BLACK STAR

ried party henchmen. The unsolved riddle was how they would use it. While the party seemed likely to give way at least temporarily on the workers' other demands, there were no guarantees about how long such enforced generosity would last. Two key areas were revision of the censorship laws—honored in the breach throughout the strike by newspapers and television alike—and release of political prisoners. While Jagielski said he would initial agreements on these and other demands, the government's actions were signalling a different intention. Even as the talks in Gdansk were reaching their conclusion in the small hours of Saturday, prominent dissident Kazimierz Janusz, a leader of KOR, the Council for the Defence of Human and Civil Rights, was hustled out of his Warsaw apartment and into a police cell. There were reports of other arrests in the southern city of Wroclaw. Earlier in the week a workers' delegate in the Gdansk shipyard, listening to taped recordings of a protest meeting, remarked: "This is history." The question was: would his party masters once more succeed in rewriting it?

China

New pieces in Deng's puzzle

It was a stellar display of calm in adversity. Asked his views on the National People's Congress currently underway in Peking, Premier Hua Guofeng replied last week with studied understatement: "This meeting will discuss some very important issues for our country." Especially for him, he might have added. The agenda will include his reluctant resignation from the premiership—though not as party chairman—in part of a reshuffle designed to "pragmatize" China's huge bureaucracy.

Rumors of Hua's imminent partial demotion were given credence last week with the announcement that the premier would not deliver the customary review of the government's achievements. Instead, said a high legislature official, he would make "an important speech." This, however, was scheduled for much lower in the batting order, conveying the message (later confirmed) of Hua's replacement as premier by 61-year-old Zhao Ziyang, an associate of the powerful Vice-Premier Deng Xiaoping, 70.

Hua will not be the only man to lose a job. Officials also confirmed last week that "the session will decide on major changes in the standing committee of the National People's Congress and in the State Council," and the signs are that more than five of the cabinet's 18 vice-premiers will lose their jobs because of old age or political views which are out of whack with modernization.



Meeting underway in the Great Hall of the People. Deng (top right), and Hua: a major reshuffle in line with Deng's designs

Deng, the tenacious, sharp-tongued driving force behind the reshuffle, is also giving up a post, in his case a vice-premiership. But unlike Hua, he is a willing participant in his own "restructuring" and will retain the eagle's aerie, the vice-chairmanship of the party.

The pace for change was set last week in the lower echelons. Petroleum Minister Song Zhenming was fired for trying to cover up China's worst oil disaster—the collapse of an off-shore oil rig last November with the deaths of 72 people, including some of the nation's best oil-exploration experts. Finance Minister Wu Bo was one of those who declared themselves too old for their jobs. His successor, Wang Bingqian, at 55 one of the youngest heads of a ministry, delivered the state's accounts and budget during the opening session of the NPC. Another who fits Deng's grand design is Yu Qiuli, the vice-premier whose specialty is economics and oil. As the new head of the State Energy Commission his job is to co-ordinate and plan China's fuel and power resources.

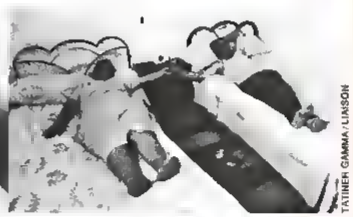
But if the session is likely to herald increased freedom in the economy, the same is not true for political expression. A top priority is the passing of a constitutional amendment to do away with the so-called "four big freedoms," added to the constitution during the Cultural Revolution, that legalized the use of wall posters and mass demonstrations. The government now says the clause is redundant, since freedom of speech and assembly were already guaranteed. But late chairman Mao Tse-Tung, for one, would not be pleased. **Po Lok**

Spain

Hunger in the heat of the sun

Temperatures dipped below the 37C mark in southern Spain for the first time in a month last week, but the surge of discontent whipping across the dusty landscape showed no sign of abating. In more than 40 whitewashed villages and towns studding the arid


MELLOUL, SYGMA


TATINEH, GAMMA/LIAISON

Suárez (above), and citizens of Marinaleda on a hunger strike: like summer lightning

acres of wheat stubble and gnarled olive trees, farm workers were angrily protesting the dire lack of work.

The call for immediate government action began—and swiftly captured the nation's imagination—in the Seville province settlement of Marinaleda. Seven hundred villagers launched a hunger strike, demanding extra cash for communal employment projects and policy reforms to create more jobs. After nine days without food in the asphyxiating heat, they called a halt. But their action set off a wave of other hunger strikes and sit-ins. "What is happening in our village is an authentic holocaust," claimed Marinaleda Mayor Juan Manuel Sanchez Gordillo, a bearded, 28-year-old schoolmaster. True or not, the heat of protest reached Premier Adolfo Suárez in the air conditioned comfort of Madrid's Moncloa Palace. Finding a solution to Spain's economic problems is one of the hottest challenges facing Suárez, and the hunger strikers had dramatized the critical unemployment problem. Already nearly 12 per cent of the work force is jobless, and by year's end as many as two million Spaniards—a figure reached in Britain last week for the first time since the 1930s—may be out of work.

Other statistics were also bothering the president. According to one poll, 48 per cent of those interviewed disapproved of his performance while only 24 per cent approved. Most disquieting of all for the suave leader, who has guided Spain's troubled steps toward democracy, is that influential members of his own Union of the Democratic Centre party were hinting he should quit. A cabal of top party men known as "the Barons," make no secret of their disappointment at Suárez's lack of dynamism in the face of such issues as regional autonomy, terrorism and the economy. He is accused of walling himself up in the Moncloa behind his personal staff, known less than affectionately as the "Fontaneros" (plumbers), after Richard Nixon's handymen.

As the nation sunned itself on the beaches, rumors crackled about Suárez's head like summer lightning. And the name of one of the Barons, Landelino Lavilla, 46-year-old chairman of the Congress of Deputies (parliament), surfaced as a likely successor. But nobody knows better than the agile Suárez how to block a palace coup, and last week a cabinet reshuffle appeared imminent, both to disarm critics and give a harder edge to government policies.

In rural areas, however, the simple question of daily bread is the obsession. Democracy has done no more than Franco's dictatorship did to improve the landless peasant's lot. Pleading for understanding, the children of Marinaleda wrote recently to King Juan Carlos: "We live in misery," they told him, "what is going to come of us? Where is our future?" **David Baird**

Close encounters of the nude kind

There is never a dull moment at Lourdes, one of Christendom's holiest shrines. With more than 3 million pilgrims a year, the little village in France's southwest has outstripped even Mecca in sheer numbers of the faithful who flock there, not just in the hope of throwing away their pills and crutches after a dip in its miraculous swimming pools but to bathe themselves in the atmosphere of what has become a kind of brisk sanctified Disneyland. Souvenir hawkers blanket the pavements, holy processions unfold under the shutters of instamatics and three times nightly the local Bernadette Museum offers a movie on the life of Bernadette Soubirous, the Gascon peasant's illiterate daughter who was out gathering firewood in 1858 in the Massabielle Grotto when she had the first of her 18 visions.

These days however the good burghers of Lourdes have another sort of apparition on their minds. Pilgrims glancing up from their devotions have been greeted by the vision of tourists stretching out to the sun on the grassy field beside the grotto—some of them clad in no more than that which the good Lord gave them. The *Croix du Midi*, a weekly published in nearby Toulouse, ran an outraged editorial decrying an "extravagance of dress which goes as far as that in the most libertarian beaches." Monsignor Donze, Bishop of Lourdes and Tarbes, protested that not only did the naturistes spurn any remonstrances from the sanctuary guards for suntanning in the altogether, they frequently slayed *déshabillé* well past sundown for what could only be construed as shadier purposes.

In the ensuing uproar, which prompted police to offer their services in stripping the field of the offenders, the nudists finally backed off and the church itself was only too happy to turn the other cheek. Already gearing up for a visit from the Pope next July, the sanctuary let its press officer, Father Ramond, dress the whole issue down as "something of very little importance."

If nature lovers avoided a scrape there,



Bathers on the Côte d'Azur: the publicity has put sun-worshippers on the defensive

however, they did succeed in brushing shoulders with French law on the île du Levant, a nudist island off the Riviera coast not far from Toulon. Last month, one of the colony's most noteworthy figures was arrested by the island's police chief. Inspector Arguilon, for launching a defamatory monologue against him in the local nightclub, Tha Convant.

The subsequent investigation, however, has shed light on some of the island's nocturnal pastimes, which reportedly involve cavorting au naturel under the moon in a staggering number of combinations. Indeed, the glare of such recent publicity has put some French sun worshippers on the defensive. Not that they need fret forever. The European Community in Brussels has appointed a special commission to look into the regulation of nudists' affairs. The Common Market's agricultural recommendations are routinely referred to as "the greening of Europe," already one French newsmagazine has suggested that now the commissioners of Brussels are merely putting it in the pink. **Marci McDonald**

Presidential balm for bruised voters

By Michael Posner

"The expected recession is likely to be mild and brief." So said President Jimmy Carter in his March Economic Report to Congress. As millions of Americans will now attest, the recession has been neither mild nor brief, and the grand fiscal strategies proposed six months ago are now going the way of the eight-cylinder engine. Inflation continues to erode the dollar, key U.S. industries—auto, steel—are in crisis, and American productivity is in decline. A bleak scenario, especially in an election year.

This week, the White House applied its latest balm to the ailing muscles of American industry: a sweeping renewal program, sweetened with $27.6 billion in tax cuts. It is the president's third economic prescription in eight months, and its medicine is precisely the sort his administration denounced as inflationary in the spring. No matter, as White House Chief of Staff Jack Watson put it: "You have to be able to adapt to changing conditions."

The adaptation is aimed more at shoring up U.S. business than at encouraging Americans to spend more, but both firms and individuals will benefit from income tax credits equal to eight per cent of social security taxes paid (total cost $12.8 billion). In effect, this would cancel a scheduled social security payroll tax increase next year.

More significantly, depreciation rules would be changed so that firms could write off their investments in plant and equipment 40-per-cent faster than they now can. Investment tax credits will be redesigned to make businesses that do not now earn a profit eligible for investment credits—in cash (with an additional 10 per cent for companies investing in areas hardest hit by the recession). Distressed cities will share a $1 billion allocation, and there is money as well for research and development ($300 million), job retraining ($300 million) and energy conservation ($975 million).

In sum, the Carter recovery package would boost federal spending by almost $4 billion, adding to the 1981 budget deficit (now projected at $36 billion). The once earnest goal of the Carter administration—a balanced budget—is now a part of history. The entire program, unlikely to be ratified by Congress until next spring at the earliest, would create an estimated one million jobs by the end of 1982. "Our task is nothing less than to revitalize America's economy," the president told an audience of politicians, businessmen and labor leaders in the East Room. "We will meet the challenge of a more productive America as if our economic life depended on it—because it does."



After the news was out, Carter (right) is congratulated by Senator Lloyd Bentsen (centre) and House Speaker Thomas O'Neill: a balanced budget is now a part of history

Democratic leaders quickly threw their support behind the Carter plan, the operative word of endorsement was "responsible." Equally predictable, Republicans labelled the package politically timed and motivated and unlikely to release America from the twin scourges of inflation and recession. Said presidential candidate Ronald Reagan: "Depression is when you're out of work. Recession is when your neighbor's out of work. Recovery is when Carter's out of work."

Among economists there was consensus that the Carter proposals represent a modest attempt to get the economy revved up again, without generating another debilitating cycle of inflation. And yet, looming over all of these suggestions and figures is the most impressive statistic of them all: the $100 billion a year Americans give to the oil-producing nations. The Carter administration has reduced imports of crude oil by 20 per cent, but the cost in factory layoffs, unemployment payments—the human cost—has been staggering.

For nonpartisan observers, the crucial issue is not jobs but productivity. Carter's record of job-creation is far better than his recent predecessors and yet productivity in the private sector has now recorded six consecutive quarters of decline.

The American political commentator Richard Reeves wrote recently that "reindustrialization is a nice word and will probably get politicians through the 1980s. But it is no answer—or at best a short-term answer—to the country's long-term problems of declining productivity and balance of trade." Adds New York economist Felix Rohatyn: "We need private-sector growth and to get it we have to do things politically that trends of the last decade offer very little hope for.... paying a realistic price for our energy, restructuring the automotive and steel industries.... That's not going to be very popular."

The Carter proposals contemplate nothing so dramatic. The president has issued a campaign document that will provide debating room for his encounter with Ronald Reagan. Whether Americans are prepared to accept this program as an elixir for their dying industries, the next nine weeks will show.



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'You can see they believe in productivity'

Secrets Carter couldn't keep

A political furore over a Pentagon decision to release details of the highly classified development of "invisible" war planes took on new proportions late last week, when government sources leaked President Jimmy Carter's plans to spend as much as $400 million to transform Egypt's outmoded airfield at Ras Banas into a modern launch pad for a quick-strike force. Senator John Tower of Texas, the ranking Republican member of the Senate Armed Services Committee, said Carter appeared to feel morally justified in "jeopardizing national security to advance his own re-election prospects."

Even members of the administration had to admit it seemed suspicious that two major "black" or secret projects should be leaked in rapid succession after a series of speeches in which Republican presidential nominee Ronald Reagan condemned the president for neglecting America's armed might.

Work on the "invisible" planes, known officially as "stealth" craft, has been going on secretly for two years. They are painted with a revolutionary new substance that forms a "skin" that absorbs rather than reflects radar waves. In addition, the craft are being designed so that they have few sharp edges or none at all, since these show up the most clearly on radar. Jet engines have been modified to reduce their infra-red "signature."

Defense Secretary Harold Brown claims these improvements will render useless tens of billions of dollars worth of Soviet radar-based defences. But it will be about 10 years before the planes go into production, so the Soviets will have plenty of time to improve their defences. Similarly, in leaking plans to develop Ras Banas—a point of land jutting into the Red Sea east of Aswan, a few minutes by fighter from Saudi Arabia—to take 18,000 troops and large numbers of warplanes, the administration has given the scheme's opponents plenty of notice. W.L.



Despair in the promised land

Lucienne Joseph was one of the Haitian boat people. A mournful-faced woman, she crowded aboard an aged and leaking fishing vessel last April. After two weeks at sea off the Florida coast, immigration officials allowed Lucienne to land. "America will again open its arms to the needy," said President Jimmy Carter. But after a spell in a "processing center" in Miami, Lucienne and her unborn child were cast adrift again—to look for a job in a country that is suffering one of its worst recessions in 50 years.

An unskilled laborer without a word of English—Lucienne speaks Creole, a pidgin form of French—she was hired as a fruit and vegetable picker and trucked north to Maryland. There her baby was born last week in the back of a pickup truck by the glow of the flashing traffic light at an intersection on Maryland's Route 12. There was no telephone to call for medical help at the remote and squalid camp where she lives.

Lucienne's is not the only tragic case. Of the estimated 10,000 Haitians and 121,000 Cubans who arrived aboard the so-called freedom flotillas in the past six months, officials believe that a large percentage are disillusioned. A rash of hijackings in August—seven successful and two aborted attempts by Cubans to make it home to Havana—dramatically attested to the desperation involved. Regular street fighting and refugee camp disturbances in Florida, Pennsylvania and Arkansas are further proof.

Those who work directly with the refugees tend to blame the federal government and President Carter for holding out promises of the good life that the country may no longer be able to keep, wrote the *Philadelphia Inquirer* last week. And in Union City, N.J., where about 12,000 of the new Cuban refugees have landed, up-former Cuban refugee Franklin Prats, a volunteer worker at a special centre set up by St. Anthony's Roman Catholic Church, lamented: "The government has no plan for these people. When they go to the immigration department they receive a stamp on their papers that says they can work until Jan. 15, 1981. What happens after that, nobody knows."

Julia Valdivia, assistant to Union City Mayor William Musto, says the situation is a disaster. "She recalls that when Lyndon B. Johnson airlifted in 400,000 Cubans during the 1960s, a refugee was given government job training, rent money and food stamps and was supported until he was able to enter society. These new refugees get nothing.

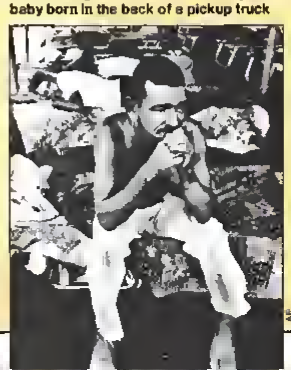
Yet New Jersey's refugees are the elite. Haitians like Lucienne Joseph have it much worse as they break their backs reaping so-called "stoop vegetables" (anything one has to bend over to pick) from 6 a.m. to dusk at 35 to 40 cents a bucket. Their residency status remains uncertain, and thus they are wide open to exploitation. Says George Carr, a 30-year-old lawyer at the Legal Aid Bureau in Salisbury, Md.: "They are being packed into tiny, filthy shacks at the camps. Some find the conditions so intolerable that they sleep on the ground outside."

Meanwhile, just a 15-minute drive to the east on the Maryland-Delaware coast, lies the American dream: many of them came for. miles of tasteless multistorey condominiums blocking the sea view, tens of thousands of polyester-clad couples and bikini beach girls parading along the boardwalk of Ocean City. The churches are packed on Sundays, though they smell of suntan lotion, not incense. Yet none of the tourist congregation at one service last week knew anything of the heartache nearby. "Have they been causing trouble?" asked one man.

A government spokesman said last week: "We were not expecting these refugees. This is a limbo period for them and some of them may not be doing well. The president is due to make some decisions soon that will help them." For some understandably, those decisions cannot come soon enough. For others trapped in a situation they do not understand, it is already too late. All they want is out.

William Lowther

Cuban refugees in Miami's 'tent city': a baby born in the back of a pickup truck





JERRY HOBBS

The Eskimos offence with Wilkinson in command; lining up another Cup

FOOTBALL DYNASTY ON THE MARCH

By Hal Quinn

Edmonton Eskimo kicker Dave Cutler sits on the back porch of his farm house 35 km from the city limits and, more important, 40 km from Commonwealth Stadium. Three-and-a-half hours earlier, 42,778 fans had cheered as the scoreboard flashed "Dave ties pro football field goal record—335." But by the time the crowd quietly filed out of the stadium, the scoreboard read: "Calgary Stampeders 16—Edmonton Eskimos 15." The Grey Cup champions had lost their first game of the season, their second ever at Commonwealth Stadium, and Cutler, the man with the green and gold leg, had *missed* three field goals. Angry, remembering, he stares out toward the lake bordering his farm. Overhead in the moonlight, a flock of geese honks its way south. "Damn, summer's gone."

Later that morning, before heading back to the city and his sales job at rock radio station CHED, the Victoria, B.C. native notices that the leaves on the trees near the lake have begun to turn. Cutler is reminded again of the northern Alberta winter that lies ahead. It adds to the chilling memories of the night before and the "trap" he had allowed himself to fall into.

"Dr. Death" sits in the offices of the Edmonton law firm Lennie, DeBow & Martin, his six-foot-four, 249-lb. frame filling most of the chair and all of his suit. It is the day before the Calgary game, four days before he will be called to the Alberta bar to become David Allan Fennell, lawyer. But this day Fennell is speaking as "Dr. Death," the name he picked up as leader of the Edmonton defensive line—Alberta Crude—that struck fear into the hearts of opposing quarterbacks in the mid-1970s.

"You know," he is saying, "what's amazing to me is that every game we've played this year has been a 'must' game for the other team. Like, Toronto *had* to beat us when we were in Toronto; B.C. *had* to beat us to get into first place; Winnipeg *had* to beat us or their season was over; this week Calgary *has* to beat us; then if Ottawa doesn't beat us it's over for them; then it's back to Calgary on Labor Day; then out to B.C. That's nine *must* games in a row, which creates a lot of pressure. I wish someone would say, 'Well, this is just a normal game. This one's for two points!'"

Disco music blares through the dressing room of the victorious Calgary Stampeders as the players celebrate their one-point victory over the Eskimos. But for the absence of champagne, it is like a Grey Cup championship party. Of course to sip champagne, Canadian football teams have to beat the Eskimos. Rob Kochel, ice packs taped to shoulder and knee, dances in the shower as hulking linemen gather to croon their rendition of the Eagles' song: "Gave 'em a heartache tonight, we know." Robert Sparks (defensive back) grins: "When we get 'em back in Calgary Labor Day, we gonna wrap 'em up and send 'em home."

Eskimo Head Coach Hugh Campbell is at his desk at the team's offices in the Edmonton Inn early the morning after the loss to Calgary. "Oh, I guess the sun will still shine," he says with a smile. There is an air of calm about the office befitting a command post of a team that has won nine of its past 10 games that counted. "Our local media was talking about our going undefeated and in that sense this loss could really help us. Like, our fans have no idea of what our ability is, they have it vastly inflated. There we were last night playing Calgary, supposed to be our arch-rival, and the fans were watching it like they were watching a play at the theatre." Campbell laughs in feigned surprise. At 39, as last year's Canadian Football League coach of the year who can boast the second best win-loss percentage in the league's history, Campbell can afford to laugh a bit. One of the CFL's top receivers when he played for Saskatchewan from 1965 to 1969, Campbell knows the ups and downs of Canadian football well. "The fans are very good here, but they were misled into thinking that we were going to win all our games by a big score. They've actually cheered for the opponents hoping for close games. We're used to it, so we're not insulted by it. But, I would guess that the next time Calgary comes to town our fans will say, 'Hey, we've gotta work hard to win this game!'"

The Eskimos have been winning the next one for a long time. Between 1950 and 1960, the team was never out of the Western Conference playoffs and appeared in five national championships, winning the Grey Cup three times—in 1954, '55 and '56. The team's fortunes dipped in the '60s as the Saskatchewan Roughriders dominated the West but, after missing the playoffs in 1972, the Eskimos went on to re-establish a football dynasty. They have finished first in the West six of the past seven years, played in the Grey Cup final every year but one since 1973 and won the last two Cups. Thanks to what is probably the league's most sophisticated scouting system—one full-time and 11 part-time U.S. Scouts and Frank Morris' reports from 26 Canadian colleges—the Esks are blessed with excellent talent. Their Canadian players are among the best in the league—punter Hank Ilesic, centre Bob Howes, linebackers Tom Towns and Dale Potter and company. Bolstered by such top-class Americans as receivers Waddell Smith, Tom Scott and Brian Kelly, quarterbacks Tom Wilkinson and Warren Moon, middle linebacker Dan Kepley and running back Jim Germany, the Eskimos have lost only 13 of their last 55 regular season games.

Two days after the loss to Calgary, Cutler was still thinking about the "trap," still angry with himself. As he chatted in his office at CHED, George Blanda's North American pro football record of 335 field goals was uppermost in his mind. Blanda had kicked his last field goal in December, 1975, capping a 26-year career in the American and National football leagues. Cutler started this, his 12th year in the CFL, needing 11 field goals to set the new mark. Now after six games, he still needed one more. "I fell into it. I had been thinking about the record so much that it almost became more important than the game. I've never done that before. I've always considered myself to be a team player. Now I just can't wait for the next game. I hope I kick one from the 12-yard line *early* and get this damn thing over with."



HUGH ALLAN

Coach Campbell: the sun will still shine

The Ottawa Rough Riders came to town five days later. Cutler's chance came early, at 5:56 of the first quarter, not from the 12-yard but from the 48-yard line. He made it. The Esks won 45-20 and Cutler could relax.

Cutler's sense of team is not unique

The man with the golden leg



COLORFAST (EDMONTON)

Cutler ties the record with Wilkinson holding a long way from Puget Sound

When Dave Cutler was attending Simon Fraser University, he had no idea that he would rewrite Canadian football's record book let alone change the game's approach to kicking. At school he was a Canadian history major; at football he was a linebacker who kicked. "I was a backer, you know, pumping iron all the time, proud that I couldn't get shirts to fit me—all that macho stuff." But in a game against University of Puget Sound in 1969, his final year, it all changed. Simon Fraser lined up for a 35-yard field goal. Cutler kicked it, but a team mate was offside. So they moved back and he kicked a 40-yard field goal.

But we were offside again, so I ended up kicking it from the 45. He made them all, a feat that did not escape the attention of the Puget Sound coach who happened to be a "bird-dog" (scout) for the Green Bay Packers of the National Football League.

When I got to the Packer camp, there were all these big fancy cars owned by the all-American rookies. There I was, the kid from Victoria, walking in carrying the first suitcase I'd ever owned. I listened to Gordon Lightfoot's *Canadian Railroad Trilogy* every morning to get my self psyched up." All was well until he had some time off and went to visit his parents in Montreal. "The Packers called me there and said I was cut. Their kicker had come out of retirement. But the Edmonton Eskimos, who held his Canadian rights, were in town for an exhibition game. I was broke and needed the money from that night's game." He would have made $12,000 with a $1,000 bonus in Green Bay, but Eskimo Executive Manager Norm Kimball offered him $7,000 and a $500 bonus. "I had to sign, and it was then he told me the Esks didn't pay players for exhibition games."

Now in his twelfth CFL season, Cutler holds the league career and single-season records for most field goals, points and converts; he shares the record for most field goals in a quarter (four) and holds the records for most singles in a career and longest field goal (59 yards). "Nah," he said last week after kicking his 336th field goal, a North American record. "It doesn't bother me that they don't think of me as a linebacker anymore."



COLORFAST/EDMONTON

Germany turning upfield against Calgary an edge over the others in team spirit

among the Eskimos, nor is it unique to this year's team. Jackie Parker, Hall of Famer, the Shenley awards player of the quarter-century and star of the 1950s Eskimos (see box) remembers: "I always felt that other teams then had as much talent as we did, but that we had an edge because we were so close as a team." That closeness, esprit, sense of belonging, is tangible in the violent world of pro football and the precarious lives of professional athletes. It, and a sense of the community in which they live and play, is cultivated by the Eskimos as by no other team in the league.

As the Esks prepared to play Ottawa, shock waves emanated from the locker room of their opponents in their past five Grey Cup games, the Montreal Alouettes. Quarterback Joe Barnes' wish to be traded was granted on Aug. 22. Then the next day, the Alouettes placed *four* veteran players—kicker Don Sweet (nine years), linemen Gordon Judges (12 years) and Dan Yochum (nine years), defensive back Larry Uteck (seven years)—on waivers. The players said it was a budget move because of the large salaries the team was paying to U.S. college No. 1 draft choice Tom Cousineau and National Football League veteran receiver Fred Biletnikoff. Three days later the new-look Alouettes went out and defeated Toronto Argonauts 43-33.

Eskimo players don't think that sort of trauma could happen to their team. "Here you don't find a lineman blocking for a running back who is making 10 times the salary," says the new lawyer Fennell. "And you'll find that this team will keep a veteran over a rookie or a newcomer because of the contribution made over the years." The Eskimo difference is not lost on recent arrivals, like Canadian running back Neil Lumsden. "When I was traded here from Hamilton in May, you know, [Coach Hugh] Campbell and [Executive Manager] Norm Kimball talked to me on the phone that night. I was greeted with open arms—'How do you like Edmonton? Can we get your wife a job?'—I was impressed. All organizations are the same, the difference is how they're run. This one happens to run probably as well as any in North America."

Generally acknowledged as the guiding light behind the team's success, Norm Kimball says: "I don't think there are any great mysteries about what has to be done in this business." The Eskimos are a community-owned, nonprofit business. A nine-man board of directors headed by President Don Carlson establishes general policy. "After we've done that it's just a question of getting good people and letting them operate without interference," he says. Getting the people is Kimball's job. With prospective players, too, character is almost as important as ability. "We don't build in problems," Kimball explains. "We don't want any discontented, disinterested people here. We will either sign or trade the player who wants to play out his option—at our leisure, not at his. And in our scheme of things, keeping salaries close is very important."

The harmony "built-in" by management is reflected by the team. Wide receiver John Konihowski, in his seventh year with the Eskimos, is a highly visible figure around Edmonton coaching and conducting track-and-field clinics with his wife, Diane Jones Konihowski, Canada's premier pentathlete. Lounging in jeans and sneakers before the Calgary game, he talks about the Eskimos. "This organization makes us feel human, we are treated like men. There are no curfews, bed checks, overly long practices. We are expected to act professionally, know our jobs and prepare. It makes the game more enjoyable, and when you're enjoying what you're doing, you give that little extra."

Because practices aren't held until 4 p.m., things can go right off the field too. For four-time all-CFL cornerback Larry Highbaugh from Indianapolis, things couldn't get much better. Putting aside the dolly he's been using to wheel Eskimo souvenirs into the team's office, he smiles. "I put my bid in a brown envelope like everybody else and I got the marketing rights to the Eskimo logo. I'd gone out to all the major department chains and came up with a program that they all liked." He is in his ninth year with the team. A few years ago he bought into a sporting goods chain, now has Highbaugh's Sole City Sports store and rights to the 50-odd souvenirs that are sold across the country. "Sure, I've had offers to go to the NFL, but I'd say my family and I are very happy here."

Of course in a sporting world populated by Harold Ballards and George Steinbrenners, harmony and contentment come with winning. As one man riding the crest of the Eskimo success story, Hugh Campbell admits, "I know that one day I'll be fired. My wife keeps asking me when I'll get a *real* job." And few know the vagaries of pro-football life better than Tom "Wilkie" Wilkinson, the 37-year-old quarterback who splits duty with 23-year-old Warren Moon. The beloved Wyoming tumbleweed drifted from the Toronto Rifles of the defunct Continental Football League to the Argonauts, then to the B.C. Lions before coming to rest in Edmonton. According to Cutler, the once-roly-poly, five-foot-10, 175-lb. Wilkie (who just doesn't *look* like a quarterback) is the key to this team. "Oh, they laugh about his body—I laugh about his body," says the kicker. "But I room with him on the road because I'm a little ego-centred about my own body. Mine is bad compared to anyone else's except his, so I'm the Greek god in our room. Sure he comes off as a clown prince, but he's the guy that leads us by example."

The morning after the one-point loss to Calgary, Wilkinson—the league's most outstanding player in 1974, runner-up in '78, all-CFL quarterback last year—was pilloried in *The Edmonton Sun* by Executive Editor Kaye Corbett. (The paper's football writer and the sports editor wrote rebuttals to Corbett the following morning.) But Wilkie just shrugged it off. "Ah, everyone's entitled to their opinion." About the records he holds, his attitude is the same. "Heck, I've been playing so long I'm bound to pass somebody." About the difference between the Eskimos and other organizations in the CFL, Wilkie laughs. "Yeah, I've negotiated for salaries with Kimball and I'll tell you *that's* different." When not in uniform on the field or TV screen, Wilkie is a popular figure around the city as an ad salesman for middle-of-the-road radio station CHQT. "You know, in a city of 600,000 rather than, say, two million, you're accepted into the community more."

And win or lose, at home the Eskimos will have their weekly team meeting. "These, of course, are unofficial," Konihowski grins. "We have them in a local pub, and I'll tell you every guy shows up. And on the road they'll gather together." "That last trip to Winnipeg," says Cutler, "we had 20 of us in the same pub after the game. *Twenty guys*, and the other 12 were back at the hotel, but doing something *together*!" The Eskimos don't operate like other clubs, and with two straight Grey Cups and six wins in their first seven games, they don't play like other clubs either.

Things are what they used to be



COLORFAST/EDMONTON

Parker in the Commonwealth Stadium broadcast booth: fans still stop to say hi

"Back then, the fans knew every player, quarterback or offensive lineman. They'd stop you in the street, ask how you're doing. We always felt part of it. It was easy to get into the swing of things."

Jackie Parker, Hall of Famer, CFL player of the quarter century. The good ol' boy whose golden locks are now a distinguished grey arrived from Mississippi State via Knoxville, Tenn., in 1954. Parker, Johnny Bright, Normie Kwong et al led the Eskimos to three straight Grey Cups—1954, 55 and 56. His last year with the team was 1962, but he still makes his home in Edmonton working in public relations and as color commentator on Eskimo radio broadcasts. "When I go to the ball park now, I see some of the same people. They've been holding season tickets for 26 years. When Ol' Spaghetti Laigs walks Jasper Avenue, they still say hi just as they stop Bright, Rollie Miles, Oscar Kruger, Bob Dean, Frank Morris and Frank Anderson and the rest of the characters whose legends live on. There's Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed who played halfback for the Eskimos in 1949 and '50, former federal cabinet minister Steve Paproski (1949-53) and former Alberta resources minister Don Getty (1955-69).

Now the '60s Eskimos have a chance to match the record of the great team of the '50s, but—with a deep chuckle—Bright kids that the record-breaking kicker Cutler couldn't make our team. "We had a different philosophy then. Instead of kicking field goals we'd take it in and score touchdowns."

A few other things have changed. As Parker says: "A lot of people forget that in those days most of us played both ways—offence and defence." But the biggest difference Parker sees is in Canadian players (CFL 34-man rosters are limited to 20 non-Canadians). "Our Canadian players were always excellent. The difference today is that they have more top Canadians. They have greater depth. But I don't think there will ever be a better Canadian at his position [running back] than Normie Kwong, the China Clipper."

Bright, now a junior high school principal in Edmonton, admits to having a bias, but says: "I think our '57 team was the best all-round team the league has seen. This team has more size and speed, so I'd say that the '80 team is the best—outside of the '57 team."

It all adds up to charity

Each time quarterback Warren Moon throws a touchdown pass, the Northern Alberta Crippled Children Fund is $50 richer. If Waddell Smith catches that pass, he donates $20 to the Boys & Girls Club of Edmonton. For every yard of ground covered by running back Jim Germany, the Robin Hood School for Retarded Children picks up $1. "Two if I'm having a bad year." And when receiver Brian Kelly hauls in a pass, the boys and girls club not only picks up $15 from Kelly but $5-$20 each from 20 Edmonton businessmen.

The charity schemes unique in the CFL were devised by the Eskimo players. Kelly got the ball rolling with his "catching-for-kids" program by knocking on the doors of Edmonton businesses. "It would be a heck of a thing to say at the end of your career that all you did was catch footballs," he says. "This puts some meaning back into the game."

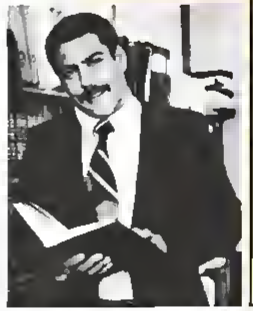
Smith donated to the Crippled Children Fund the $1,000 Canada Savings Bond he received as runner-up to last year's most valuable player, as did Dave Fennell who had won a $2,000 bond for being the league's top Canadian. "A love affair exists between the players and this city," says Germany. "This is one way of showing our appreciation."

Wayne Skene

Smith catching for the kids who can't



KEN ORR/DAVE REIDE





KARSAN/CFC

Highbaugh (above), Fennell at his office; success in Edmonton off the field too

People

"We needed to have someone who people would be willing to pay $25 to see," explained a spokeswoman for Women in Crisis, a hotline and emergency-shelter organization for battered women in Guelph, Ont. The $25-person turns out to be Toronto **Maple Leafs** president and renowned sexist **Harold Ballard**. Organizer **Janet Ellis** says Ballard will speak about wife abuse and the need for crisis organizations. Ballard has also announced that he will bring along his old chum **King Clancy** to kick in his two-cents' worth. "He's been a perfect gentlemen to us," says Ellis. "I think his image has made him misunderstood."



ARNAUD MAGGS

Ballard: sexist takes on wife-abusers

"It's a phantasmagoria—set as ex-lovers confront each other at a costume ball," says Toronto producer **Renée Perlmutter**, describing a segment of her upcoming film, *Love*, written by and starring singer-composer **Joni Mitchell**. The segment by the Saskatchewan songstress is only one of nine written by such women as **Liv Ullman**, **Lady Antonia Freeer** and **Edna O'Brien**. It'll be the second time this year that Mitchell has floored her guitar for floodlights, having just finished *Shadows and Light*, an original mélange of concert footage and fantasy sequences which is being described in film circles as a "docufantasia."



JOSEPH SEEFF



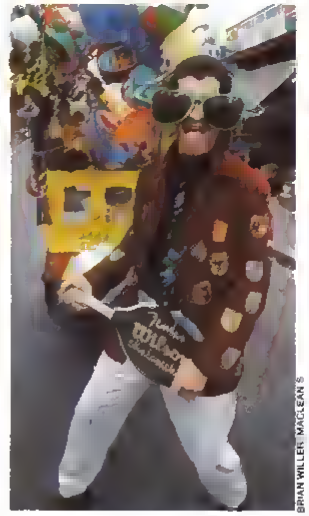
GAMMA/LIAISON

Mitchell (left) and Facio: keeping Junot happy, while Caroline huddles at home

The mallets were flying and the balls were rolling at the World Croquet Championships last week in Parksville, B.C. Twenty-eight three-member teams spent two days socking it to the wicket for about 300 croquet fans. Among those following the action was the crew of NBC's *Real People* led by **Sarah Purcell**, who spent most of her time directing real people on the delicate art of appearing to be real people. Purcell even learned how to hit a wooden ball, taking pointers from **Hugh** and **Hazel Earle** and **Warwick Bluck** of the Brock House Croquet Club, a senior citizens' team from Vancouver. Unfortunately, their team was knocked out of competition early when Bluck whacked his foot with his mallet. For the third time in its five-year history, the winners were the Oak Bay Fossils from Victoria—**Doug Carrick**, **Glen Atkinson** and **Bob Hunt**. In the end, Purcell pronounced croquet her kind of game because "It doesn't involve running around getting all perspiry."

The royal soap opera in Monaco ended last month with an official announcement from the palace that **Princess Caroline** and her 40-year-old playboy husband, **Philippe Junot**, were definitely separating. The final blow to the two-year marriage was struck when Junot invited 24-year-old **Gienine Facio** to join him aboard a yacht off Turkey. While the pair kissed and cut a rug in public, 23-year-old Caroline huddled with her parents, **Princess Grace** and **Prince Rainier**, as they tried to figure a gracious way out of the mess. Junot now describes himself as "an independent man," and it is doubtful that Facio will alter that state of affairs. She is the daughter of a former Costa Rican ambassador who enjoyed **Andy Warhol's** classic 15-minutes of fame as a New York model before "discovering that it was work." And Junot's yachting holiday is hardly an extravagance to Facio. Two years ago, she and a companion explored the Yucatan with the assistance of a valet and cook before returning to Facio's New York "home" at the Xenon disco. Asked how she supports herself, Facio replies: "I telephone home for money." With that in mind, Junot has announced that Caroline "can act as she pleases."

Comic **Mike MacDonald** is hoping that a coat hanger through the ears will help his career as much as the old arrow-through-the-head routine did for wild and crazy guy **Steve Martin**. The hanger, along with a tennis racket, oversized sunglasses and an aged baseball jacket are MacDonald's props for a routine he calls *Rock Star*, which has had Canadians from coast to coast laughing it up at **Rex Smith** concerts and in the defunct discos where comedy has replaced **Donna Summer**. *Rock Star* is, of course, the ultimate teen-age fantasy and one that MacDonald, 25, came close to in 1976 as a member of Ottawa's 25-piece choir-turned-orchestra Maplerridge. "We were like Canadian diplomats," he explains. "Heck, we even played for **Richard Nixon**." Currently, MacDonald is honing his *Star* routine, which he hopes to unveil on *Don Kirshner's Rock Concert* later this year. "Television will be such a relief," he says, citing incidents of flying ashtrays from live audiences. "Luckily, I haven't had to pay my dues in stitches, but a couple of times the hanger has nearly punctured my eardrums when I've hit a low ceiling."



BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S

MacDonald: fling in a rock 'n' roll fantasy

Venerable news anchorman **Walter Cronkite** has globe-trotted the world through war and peace, so where does he go on his summer vacation? Manitoulin Island in Ontario. Cronkite took the vacation following a bit of filming on a documentary about an energy-saving sailboat named Aria, owned by packaging tycoon **George Krass** of Wisconsin. Tanned and fit, he cavorted aboard the $1-million, 27-metre craft, which sports a 36-metre mast and sails that are raised and lowered electronically to cut down on the size of the crew. And how did Cronkite like his summer vacation? "Well, I'm glad to be here," he announced in the gravel drawl that soothes America. "I'll be back."

The 100th anniversary of the birth of U.S. iconoclast writer **H. L. Mencken** will be celebrated in his home town of Baltimore on Sept. 12 amid a blaze of hoopla that would probably have launched the master of invective on a tirade against the booboisie. The Menckenfest will include two banquets featuring **Alistair Cooke**, editor of *Vintage Mencken*, a Mencken impersonator, an hour-long film called *Mencken's America* and a special cancellation in Mencken's honor from the U.S. Postal Service. Around Baltimore, creating Mencken memorabilia has become something of a cottage industry and the city is braced for an onslaught of faithful fans. "No one," wrote Mencken, "ever went broke underestimating the taste of the American public."



R.H. CHARLTON

Cronkite: what I did on my summer vacation

When **Georges Forest** won a Supreme Court case over an English-only parking ticket last December and a ruling that Manitoba's Official Languages Act of 1890 was illegal, the St. Boniface insurance agent won no accolades from the government of **Premier Sterling Lyon**. The province is now legally restored to its bilingual status and a multimillion-dollar budget has been assigned to translate 90 years of unilingual statutes. Despite the absence of legislative love for Forest, he will be internationally honored on Sept. 12 when **Amedou Cissé Dia**, president of the Senegalese National Assembly, invests him with the Order of the Pleiade from the 29-country Association Internationale des Parlementaires de Langue Française. Forest will become an "officier" of the Order which was established in 1975 to honor parliamentarians, civil servants, academics and others who have helped promote the French language. Forest, however, does not plan to rest on his laurels. In the next round of the fight he may seek legal rulings to force simultaneous translation facilities in the Manitoba legislature, along with a fully bilingual Hansard.

Once-and-future-comedienne **Margaret Trudeau** lost one of her free-lance jobs last week before she had even started. Hours before the death knell sounded through the corridors of *The Ottawa Journal*, Executive Editor **Jim Rennie** had corralled Trudeau into agreeing to write a food and fashion column for the paper twice a week. Rennie says he made his appeal to the prime minister's estranged wife in a directly exploitive way by saying she could provide needed circulation. Trudeau was impressed by his honest approach and agreed to start setting finger to typewriter in a couple of weeks. Rennie would not disclose exactly how much the coup would have cost the *Journal*, but admitted that "the lady was broke."

There wasn't the usual film festival aura of glamor at The World Film Festival in Montreal last week, possibly because the Quebec government provided only half of the moderate financing requested by feisty festival director **Serge Losique**. Nevertheless, the theatre at Place des Arts was packed for the opening night film, *The Lucky Star*. Critical reaction was varied but favorable to **Max Fischer's** Canadian-made film about a Jewish teen-ager with cowboy fantasies who, during the Nazi occupation of the Netherlands, wears the mandatory yellow Star of David as though it were a sheriff's badge. Fischer was quick, however, to lash out at a review in *Le Devoir*, which he judged anti-Semitic. The double-bylined anti-*Star* review by **Francine Leurendeau** and **Richard Gay** decried the film: "A bargain-basement version of Jewish history and culture, which is already overexposed on the screens of the world." Director Fischer collected newspapers from the period as part of his research. "I can accept criticism," he said, "but what appears in *Le Devoir* could as easily have been quoted verbatim from the Nazi-controlled newspapers of the period in which the film is set."

Edited by Marsha Boulton

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REDMAN FINANCIAL POST



REDMAN FINANCIAL POST

Campeau (left), White: no handouts on a silver platter, breakfast in ruins

Over long business careers that had seen many an amicable deal washed down with hot morning coffee and warm breakfast rolls, this was to be an abrupt exception. The overnight fog entombing the rolling hills of Quebec's Eastern Townships had not even begun to burn away in last Wednesday's August heat when Robert Campeau climbed back into the waiting airport taxi and disappeared down the long drive of Kenneth White's Georgeville country house, leaving the chairman and president of Canada's largest trust company fuming over this 45-minute early morning intrusion which was to ruin his breakfast, his holiday and—as he was to be saying a few hours later at his Montreal office—quite possibly his company as well. Later still, reflecting on the strange early morning meeting that could affect the fortunes of his own company just as profoundly, Robert Campeau, chairman and principal owner of Campeau Corp., sixth-largest property development company in Canada, seemed a bit surprised. "Ken White and I have been friends for a long time. I guess I didn't expect him to hand his company to us on a silver platter, but I certainly didn't expect him to be so hostile, so emotional."

Last week's sudden offer by Campeau Corp. to buy control of Royal Trustco Ltd. for $[illegible] million through a general offer made to Royal's nearly 9,000 shareholders came as a surprise to more than the company's chairman. Even as White was galvanizing opposition to the Campeau bid, conferring hurriedly in Montreal with fellow Royal Trust director and former chairman Conrad Harrington, and planning this week's full meeting of the board, Canada's financial community was abuzz with speculation. How could Campeau—a company that has seen violent swings in fortune over its 12-year history as a house-builder and developer (which two years ago showed profits of scarcely $5 million)—possibly afford to buy the largest trust company, indeed, the sixth-largest financial institution, in Canada? Why not try for a smaller, more affordable trust company? Why not buy instead, as several other Canadian developers have already done, a resource company in mining or oil and gas? Or—posing the question raised by White himself—why should a "vital institution with a deep responsibility to almost a million Canadians who have entrusted their personal affairs amounting to more than $25 billion ... be allowed to fall into the hands of a single shareholder?"

Campeau's response is cool, almost cold. With seven of Canada's 10 largest trust companies already controlled by family groups or single corporations, it is ridiculous, he says, to raise the spectre of ownership abuse. "Our company can greatly aid Royal Trust in two key areas—commercial property management and real estate investment by pension funds—otherwise we view Royal Trust strictly as an investment and wouldn't interfere with management whatsoever." As for Campeau's ability to afford the deal. "Well," smiles the chairman, "if we were able to convince the Bank of Nova Scotia to land us the money, I guess *they* have faith in us." With the battle lines drawn, it's now an issue, on both sides, of faith, hope—and trust.

Anthony Whittingham

Two deaths in the family

When Al Capone and Bugs Moran promised not to trespass on each other's bootlegging territory, it was the last straw. Yet last week when Canada's two largest newspaper chains reached a similar accord, the outcry, though loud, was impotent. What happened, in effect, in one of the most significant financial whammies of recent years, was two deals. For $57.4 million, Thomson Newspapers Ltd. surrendered the Vancouver market. Simultaneously, it reached a non-monetary gentleman's agreement with Southam Inc. whereby Thomson bagged Winnipeg and Southam bagged Ottawa after each put its money-losing papers to the sword.

The reaction of newsmen, some politicians and the public was predictable—and predictably in vain. The whole affair raised anew some thorny questions in the publishing business. Does a proprietor have the moral right to kill an

institution simply because it isn't profitable (the *Ottawa Journal*, said Kenneth Thomson, in a twist of his father's crack about Scottish television, was "a licence to lose money") And does the government have an obligation to prevent such shutdowns if they eliminate competition? As the newspaper business took its worst body-blow in many years, the controversy began to centre on Canada's mealymouthed and ineffectual Combines Investigation Act

"We've informed the Combines people in Ottawa of the situation," said Southam chief St Clair Balfour last week, hours after watching the *Ottawa Journal* die, buying the opposition *Vancouver Sun* and terminating his own *Winnipeg Tribune* "We feel we've done the right thing" He was referring to an 8 a m meeting between lawyers for

Bertrand (left), Balfour, private and public mutterings, no more nice-guy image



CP

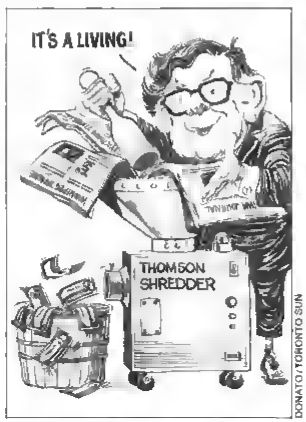


KASH OF OTTAWA

Southam and Thomson and Robert J Bertrand, head of the combines investigation squad in the federal ministry of consumer and corporate affairs. Later, some members of the cabinet promised an investigation, perhaps even an inquiry (said Multicultural Minister Jim Fleming: "If it isn't illegal, it should be"), and an NDP spokesman suggested upping the ante to royal commission status

But in truth, observers agree, nothing much is likely to be done The reasons are two The first is the weight of precedent. In 1971, the act was powerless when *The Toronto Telegram* imploded, giving an afternoon monopoly to the rival *Toronto Star*, and in 1976 the authorities failed to make stick a conviction against the K C Irving interests, which control all but one of New Brunswick's English-language daily papers. The second is the fact that, as many people believe, the anti-combines legislation poses no threat to monopolists anyway because it acts as little more than a whitewash

At bottom, it is another manifestation of the otherwise laudable Canadian desire to counter the influence of the United States Since the early years of the republic, and particularly since the administration of Theodore Roosevelt, the U S has maintained a consistent aversion to "trusts" or near-trusts In July, 1970, for instance, a special act of Congress—the Newspaper Preservation Act—had to be passed to exempt newspapers that had set up joint housekeeping together in one plant from anti-trust laws The two Vancouver dailies had shared their facilities without any prior permission whatever If the U S veers to this one extreme, then Canada veers to the other. To be actionable under Canadian law, a deal must inhibit competition "unduly" as well as being deemed against "the public interest," and such terms are open to flexible interpretation Throughout it all, one thing seems certain Kenneth Thomson, though he lost two dailies last Wednesday, ended up showing an overall gain of one paper for the day As events were unfolding in Ottawa, Winnipeg, Vancouver and Toronto, Thomson men in the U S, accompanied by batteries of high-priced anti-trust lawyers from New York and Washington, were concluding the long, drawn-out purchase of three newspaper properties in Michigan



DONATO/TORONTO SUN

When the smoke cleared, the job of assessing the changes began *The London Free Press*, one of the dwindling number of independent papers, was typical in its eulogy. "The closings are regrettable, but inevitable For these Canadian cities, there will no longer be a plurality of views in the daily print media" Other damage was more quantifiable The loss of two major customers was another headache for the newsprint sector of Canada's pulp and paper industry, already troubled by labor strife, technological backwardness and increasingly resourceful competition from the U S Sun Belt And what's bad for paper is perforce bad for Canada's railways, which traditionally have made up in hauling newsprint what they lose by hauling grain The close-outs also augur badly for The Canadian Press, the co-operative wire service (already $450,000 over budget for the year, it will lose another half million because the *Journal* and the *Tribune* won't be buying its copy anymore). Yet in a way the greatest upset was one of image

After Kenneth Thomson purchased the Hudson's Bay Company in 1979 (the Bay had already swallowed the Robert Simpson Co), there were private and public mutterings about his acquiring more power in the Canadian economy than perhaps any single person should possess. The chorus was repeated when he later bought the original FP newspapers But the majority opinion still seemed to be that his sense of responsability, which everyone recognized, would outweigh the temptation to conduct business in a manner uncongenial to the widely perceived public good But after Black Wednesday there was, to careful listeners, a distinct change in the tone of the *vox populi*. Whatever harm was done to 800 newspaper employees thrown out of work, the wear and tear on Thomson himself may ultimately prove more serious For most people in the industry as for many outside, Thomson had lost his nice-guy image.

Doug Fetherling

OLD VOLVOS NEVER DIE. THEY PASS ON.

When it comes to cars, the good don't die young. And Volvos are so well-made they seem to go on forever. (The current life expectancy of a Volvo is now up to 17.9 years in Sweden.)

Witness the case of Al Cordy, an industrial parts dealer from Oshawa, Ontario. Over the years he's bought five Volvos and they're all still in the family. You see, instead of trading in his old Volvo every time he wants a new one, he passes it on to a member of his family. Because he believes his family is better off in a used Volvo than in a new car.

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Column

Termites within the ramparts of power



By Roderick McQueen

The thing about capitalism is that it's so easy to attack. Pompous professors study their case histories and solve the dilemmas of the factory floor without breaking a human heart. Bishops sally forth in holy raiment to rail about the need for corporate social responsibility in far-off lands they have never seen. Media-mumblers let their glib tongues flap, forgetful that the very profits they label as obscene pay their own salaries, too. Capitalists are eternally cartooned as cigar-smoking pudgy porkers with bowler hats. They become the corporate welfare bums of political campaigns, said to pray on their knees on Sunday and prey on the people the rest of the week.

In the 1960s, Mark Rudd and the Students for a Democratic Society were a focal point for hatred of the system. The Yippies' Abbie Hoffman became a talk-show celebrity as he told people that they shouldn't work at jobs they didn't like. "But who," someone would shout from the audience, "will collect the garbage?" Hoffman would gleefully point at the questioner, just as if the interruption had been expected, and shout jubilantly, "You will, my friend." Everyone in the studio audience would laugh, siding for just a moment with the outrageous guest who wanted to destroy free enterprise. Radicalism as stand-up comedy, with a funny bone to pick. Such showmanship spelled the beginning of the end for the wrenching rhetoric and mau-mauing tactics of those who would throw stones at class houses.

The final surrender, the peace that passeth all understanding, has taken a little longer. But there he was this summer, former Yippie Jerry Rubin, joining [illegible] as a securities analyst. It was Rubin who went to the New York Stock Exchange in 1967 and tossed dollar bills from the visitors' gallery to the trading floor below. The traders, no fools they, stopped their work and scurried to pick up the booty. The Exchange responded with typical overkill and built a bullet-proof glass shield to save free enterprise from further embarrassing attacks.

Rubin, minus the rifle and revolutionary garb, has now given up and given in. Says he: "I can be more effective today wearing a suit and tie and working on Wall Street than I can be dancing outside the walls of power." It is a public conversion worthy of Saul on the road to Damascus, although there is a different god at work. "Money is power," admits Rubin. Wall Street, of course, agrees and when the former Chicago Seven defendant went looking for a job, finding one took him less than a week. Not only has the system escaped the silliness of the '60s, it now magnanimously sweeps in the survivors.



Rubin before and after: more effective wearing a tie

And why not? It was Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* more than 200 years ago that first described a free economy where people pursued profit in an unfettered marketplace, thus, as he wrote, producing "universal opulence which extends itself to the lowest ranks of the people." It's a system that scoffed at the dire predictions of Karl Marx, who said there would be more goods made than the poorly paid worker could buy. Further, it has survived tough economic times such as the Depression of the 1930s through the theories of John Maynard Keynes that encouraged governments to pump up purchasing power through tax cuts, heavy spending and the printing of money. Capitalism has outlasted war, double-digit inflation, persistent unemployment, declining productivity—even government regulation. By comparison, the long-haired likes of Rubin were but flyspecks on the packinghouse floor.

While the capitalist system has ways of seducing some and destroying others, those easy enemies are usually outside the walls. These days, capitalism should worry about the enemy within. Those insiders do not include United Auto Workers' President Doug Fraser, now on Chrysler Corp.'s board of directors. He can sup with the rest. Of greater concern is a fellow board member who said, "Free enterprise has gone to hell." None other than Chrysler Chairman Lee Iacocca. Not surprising that he would feel that way, considering the $1.7 billion in risk-reduced government loan guarantees to his company. Or what about everybody's favorite young financier, Conrad Black? An avowed capitalist since he bought his first share of General Motors stock when he was still a tad of 8, today Black sits atop the corporate heap of the reorganized Argus empire. So far, the only blot on that success story is his debt-ridden Massey-Ferguson. After two years of futile rescue attempts and much fine talk, Massey has now turned to the federal government for financial aid, joining Chrysler at the trough of last resort.

No, capitalism needn't fear outside attack. It has survived the plagues of history, but it may not survive the rot within, the defeatism that grips its supposed proponents who act as if they don't have both oars in the water. Capitalism is an easy target precisely because there is so much wrong with it. [illegible] switch sides and suits of armor to continue the fight for and against, the odds are not much altered, because picking a winner remains easy. It's the system. By a snout.

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Closing the curtain on a high note



Shelley, Hewgill: evil is shuffling paper

CANUCK
by John Bruce Cowan
Directed by Christopher Newton

THE GRAND HUNT
by Gyula Hernády
Directed by John Hirsch

GUNGA HEATH
Written and performed by Heath Lamberts

Artistic director Christopher Newton has wrapped up his successful debut season at the Shaw Festival with three contrasting comedies. Whatever their individual shortcomings, they share the smart pacing and disciplined effervescence that have characterized this summer's entire lineup.

John Bruce Cowan's *Canuck* is a drawing-room museum piece which has never before been put on display for three possible reasons: there was no suitable venue in the Vancouver of 1929 for live theatre, its political views were offensive, it's a terrible play. All pertly true, but director Newton, who has unearthed this dubious treasure in the Vancouver public library and given it an honorable resurrection, has nobly resisted the temptation to camp its more inane lines ("You're the right stuff, all right—the stuff pioneers are made of").

Indeed Marion Gilsenan, as the pretentious British-born Clare Ormsby-Grey, deserves the 1980 Gold Medal for Textual Fidelity as she desperately tries to rescue her daughter Ruth (Mary Haney) from the dirt-encrusted middle-class paws of honest Canadian farmer Paul Ecclestone (Joe Ziegler). Unfortunately for Clare they are in love, and with the help of good old Uncle Dick (Barney O'Sullivan), who tediously harangues Canada's tendencies to sell out its resources to foreigners (sound familiar?), her snobbish intentions are thwarted. Gilsenan transforms a thoroughly unlikable and stupid woman into a human being whose anguish, no matter how petty its origins, is deeply felt. Haney animates Ruth nicely without gushing, and James Rankin distills every possible laugh out of his hey-Sis younger brother role. In the end, *Canuck* is not that much worse than other revivals of long-forgotten plays of the period or earlier—ideology aside, it will make passable, if not memorable, summer-stock fare.

Modern Canadian sensibilities may find the world of *The Grand Hunt* alien too. Into an historical backdrop depicting the attempts of the exiled Hapsburg King Charles of Hungary to overthrow the tyrannical regent Horthy after the First World War and regain his throne, contemporary Hungarian playwright Gyula Hernády has inserted an imaginative warp worthy of Genet. Count Erdody (Roland Hewgill), an ambitious nobleman skilled in realpolitik, has the king and queen murdered so that he can supplant them with look-alikes (Jan Triska and Carole Shelley) and control the country. It may be Suzanne Grossmann's adaptation, but these dramatic premises seem to promise more than is

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actually realized in John Hirsch's production.

Part of the problem is the mastermind Erdody—Hewgill is right to make him all brisk efficiency, endearingly suggesting that evil is just a matter of reshuffling the papers on your desks, but malice is missed. Triska, a Czech performer in his Canadian debut, uses his body like a tongue, articulating the look-alike's bumblings and his eventual regal stiffening with effortless grace. Shelley's courtesan-turned-queen is all rolling eyeballs and verbal tumbling, an equally impressive performance but at odds with Triska's, and their relationship, both emotional and dramatic, remains unsatisfying. Still, Hernády's text is inventive and witty—the Austro-Hungarian empire may be gone but its spirit evidently capers on.

Great comics have great faces, and in Heath Lamberts' memorable mug the eyes have it, portholes of piercing intelligence in constant danger of being swamped by the doughy sea around them. Lamberts' whole body is, in fact, a very special effect, and it's well deployed in his one-man show *Gunga Heath*, a string of assorted nonsenses



DAVID COOPER

Lamberts' whole body is a special effect

punctuated by audience hilarity (in case anyone's in doubt, applause and laugh prompters are thoughtfully provided).

No ordinary solo performance, *Gunga* won't be to everybody's taste. Lamberts jokes with the audience before the show, trundles them up on stage to be used and abused and mercilessly squirts water into the front rows (towels and apologies also provided). Acutely aware that the essence of theatre is a live performance and a live audience, Lamberts leaps in and out of roles, urging his audience to do the same. Occasionally a skit is too long, a moment overly sentimental, but the fault originates in an excess of humanity and can be easily excused.

Gunga Heath is the mop-up operation in this invasion of Upper Canada by Vancouver's thespian hordes. Lamberts is one among many performers, directors, designers and support staff Newton has brought with him to Shaw, and the conquest has been complete, endowing the festival with a vital company potentially capable, as several productions have already demonstrated, of world-class theatre. It remains to be seen whether the festival's other problems, including its horrendous financial situation and the often touchy relations with host Niagara-on-the-Lake (the Court House Theatre has been reclaimed by the town for its upcoming bicentenary), can be overcome with equal success. **Mark Czarnecki**

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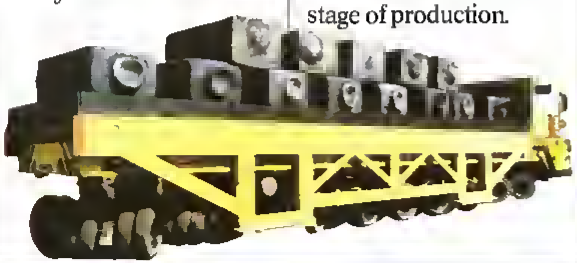
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Music

For the record



FLESH + BLOOD
Roxy Music
(Atco/WEA)

Beneath an intriguing cover lies an album that summons words such as lovely and calming. Clouds of synthesizers bolster Bryan Ferry's stylish voice and Phil Manzanera's light-handed guitar. Even a superb cover of Wilson Pickett's *In the Midnight Hour* resounds gently and turns into a song about love, not



simply appetite. *Same Old Scene* is indebted and equal to Blondie's *Heart of Glass*. *Oh Yeah* and *Over You* are wistful, melancholy remembrances of old flames, all the more impressive for their lack of recrimination. The entire album is polite in the best and too seldom encountered sense of the word.

PETER GABRIEL
Peter Gabriel
(Charisma/Polygram)

"I know something about opening windows and doors," Gabriel warns on the opening cut, *Intruder*, and from there he goes on to enter all manner of crazed minds: the assassin, the amnesiac, the seditionary. Though not a relaxing one, this album by the gifted British singer/songwriter, ex of Genesis, is one of the richest aural experiences so far this year. The arrangements are frankly grand, but producer Steve Lillywhite dexterously controls a myriad of musicians while Gabriel's haunted vocals and haunting vision hover and compel.

SAVED
Bob Dylan
(CBS)

After the rigors of his first Christian album, *Saved* is disappointing. Almost as if to prove that he's no slicker dabbling in fundamental faith, Dylan has sealed his covenant in rural black gospel music, providing a great opportunity for a soul-stirring female backup trio to shine and an excuse for lots of church hall piano-thumping. The album's lurid cover speaks as loudly as anything else, however. *Pressing On* and *Are You Ready* don't amount to much more than repetitions of their titles. Matters of faith that lent mystery the last time are reduced to simple-minded clichés. One is sorry that questions of right and wrong have not stirred the man to greater poetry.

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Medicine

Swirling toward diagnosis



EMU-WYES

Helix and scraper: cautious optimism

Women who dread the unpredictable mood swings and hot flushes associated with menopause have found little comfort in recent reports that menopausal women must face yet another physical and emotional uncertainty: they are increasingly likely to develop cancer of the reproductive organs, including cancer of the uterus. Incidence of this cancer alone has doubled in the past decade and now strikes about 115,000 Canadians annually. The most common diagnostic technique has been the familiar D & C (dilatation and curetage), a time-consuming, expensive and risky operation. But now tests just completed in Toronto offer a small measure of hope: an early screening device for uterine cancer that could be as simple and effective as the Pap smear, which has cut cervical cancer rates by half.

The device, called the Milan-Markley helix after the two Baltimore doctors who invented it, is most valuable as an early alternative to the D & C, which requires hospitalization and general anesthetic in order to scrape tissue from the uterine wall—a technique that sometimes leads to perforation. With the helix method, a disposable piece of flexible plastic with a swirl-shaped top is inserted into the uterus to collect only a few cells, then another plastic device is used to scrape the cells from the helix onto a slide for analysis. The procedure is so simple that it can be performed as many times as necessary without risk of perforation. As well, it can be done in the doctor's office, requires no general anesthetic and—a reassuring thought for patients—usually causes very little discomfort.

In a recently published study of 170 women over a six-month period, gynecologist and cancer specialist Dr. Raymond Osborne and research fellow Dr. Joseph Cramer, both working at Toronto's General and Princess Margaret hospitals, found the helix had a 97-percent accuracy rate. It even detected nine uterine cancers, which were later confirmed by the D & C method. Recent tests on 6,000 women in Spain, Sweden and the U.S. have put the helix's accuracy rate at 85 to 98 per cent. If tests under way on an additional 500 Toronto women produce similar results, Osborne says the helix could be routinely diagnosing Canadian women over 40 as early as 1982.

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Health

The creeping shame of the love virus

By Mark Budgen

When infectious diseases specialist Dr. Stephen Sacks opens his new clinic this week at the University of British Columbia, he will have no problem finding patients. For Sacks is opening Canada's first clinic specifically for victims of herpes simplex type 2, a sexually transmitted genital disease which is rapidly gaining on gonorrhea as the most widespread venereal disease in North America. But, whereas bacteria-caused gonorrhea and syphilis can be cured with antibiotics, the virus-induced herpes cannot—an alarming reality that, compounded by ignorance on the part of doctors and shame on the part of patients, can cause sufferers to feel like sexual lepers. Thus the need for the Vancouver clinic, where Sacks is using experimental antiviral drugs as part of the worldwide search for a cure.

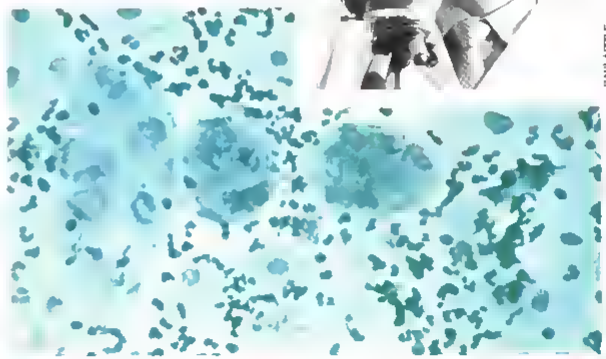
While herpes (from the Greek "to creep") has been around for centuries, the search for a cure has been spurred by recent research linking the herpes virus to possible deformity and death in newborn babies, cervical cancer and a variety of other serious physical complications. "So far," says Sacks, "no therapy has been shown to work for genital herpes. Symptoms disappear naturally in any case, perhaps to occur again, perhaps not, which makes it very difficult to test any drug's effectiveness." Herpes first appears in the genital area—usually within two to eight days of contact with the virus—as small red bumps which rapidly develop into painful ulcers and blisters. The sores usually heal within one to three weeks but may recur without warning months, even years, later. And, insidiously, the virus can be passed on even when the lesions are healed. Some victims have minor symptoms, or none at all, and don't realize they are carriers.

Nobody knows how many people have genital herpes, but reports from doctors and venereal disease clinics suggest that there are a half-million sufferers in Canada and another 20,000 to 25,000 new cases annually. Certainly newspaper and lifestyle magazine advice columns are full of anxious letters from herpes sufferers. The affliction has joined hypoglycemia and anorexia nervosa as surefire party conversation topics when all else fails. But for those who have the disease there's nothing remotely sociable about it. Victims often become acutely depressed. Dr. William Brown, associate professor of psychiatry at the University of British Columbia, has counselled several herpes sufferers. "Because of the illness's intractability, they feel a social stigma, humiliation and anguish," says Brown. "They are apprehensive and fearful about starting a new sexual relationship. If they tell the person about their herpes, will that end the relationship?" Their desperation can be so intense that in the U.S. people are advertising for herpes-afflicted sexual partners.

Most sufferers refuse to talk about the disease at all, and those who do insist on anonymity. A 27-year-old Vancouver child-care worker who contracted herpes three years ago got it so severely that she was unable to sit down for two weeks and was off work for a month. "It's a real source of anxiety for me since other members in my family have had cervical cancer," she says. "The recurrences are not nearly as bad but I still feel angry and bitter about it." For another woman, a 30-year-old Toronto lawyer who 10 years ago was first diagnosed as having gonorrhea and eventually ended up in hospital for a month, the experience has been equally painful. "I can feel recurrences coming on. They seem to be associated with fatigue. It's very demoralizing."

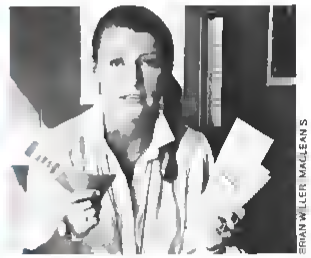
While many victims have milder cases, they still suffer from the absence of ongoing medical assistance to help with the physical and psychological pain. Frustrated, some of them have started self-help programs. In Toronto, Melinda Cuthbert, clinic co-ordinator with the Birth Control and V.D. Information Centre, has formed Canada's first chapter of HELP, a California-based service for herpes sufferers. (Its newsletter, *The Helper*, has 15,000 subscribers, including 600 in Canada.) Cuthbert started the 70-member group last October because so many people were asking for herpes information when none was easily available. "For most it was the first time they had ever talked openly about herpes," says Cuthbert. "Discussion revolved around questions like, 'What was it like to tell your sexual partner you have herpes?' There's so much misinformation





PAUL LITTLE

Sacks (left), Cuthbert (below), and magnified herpes virus: sexual lepers



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around." While the information situation was improved last month with the publication of *The Herpes Book* by Dr. Richard Hamilton (J. P. Tarcher, $12.95), Cuthbert says she could easily start up another 10 groups right now in Toronto alone—if government funding were forthcoming.

A common experience among Cuthbert's group members and other herpes victims is an original misdiagnosis by doctors. Recent surveys by Ontario's VD control officer, Dr. Ralph Persad, have shown that many physicians are surprisingly ignorant of venereal disease symptoms. "It's quite common to misdiagnose herpes as a simple yeast infection," he says. "I looked at forms filled out by physicians reporting VD and discovered that 30 per cent had prescribed inadequate treatments."

For women, particularly, coming to terms with herpes is a real struggle, both because it tends to be more painful for them and because of the suspected link with cervical cancer. Counsels Dr.



AMYN NASSER

Romanowski: misdiagnosis all too common

Barbara Romanowski, the director of Social Hygiene Services for Alberta: "Any woman with herpes should have a Pap smear every six months. If cervical cancer is picked up early enough, the treatment is much more likely to be successful. And if she's pregnant, she should advise her obstetrician she has herpes. If she's in danger of infecting her child, she should have a cesarean section." For men, the general advice is to wear a condom. That cuts down on the risk of infecting others. And, as for a cure, Sacks is optimistic one will be found within the next two or three years.

But that's dubious comfort to one 38-year-old journalist who has had herpes for 15 years and seen potential cures come and go as erratically as the disease itself. "Initially," he recalls, "I was diagnosed as having syphilis. Back then I was relieved when it turned out that I didn't. But looking back, I wish I had. At least syphilis is curable." ✪

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The Spanish connection

From riots in Cuban refugee camps in Florida to articulate campaigns for better education, the fast-growing Spanish-speaking population in the United States is making its presence known. Now, as Hispanics are on the verge of outstripping blacks as the largest minority in the country, U.S. authorities are paying attention to another possible problem area, a virulently right-wing element in the Spanish-language press.

Of special concern is the New York newspaper *Noticias del Mundo*, which began publication last April 22, financed, curiously enough, by the Unification Church of Rev. Sun Myung Moon—the Moonies. (Moon, a strong supporter of the military government in his native South Korea, is an arch conservative and anti-Communist.) The paper's flattering, uncritical treatment of repressive South American regimes has been brought to the attention of the U.S. immigration service, which is reviewing the visas of four Latin American journalists in New York.

An article in last month's issue of the highly respected *Columbia Journalism Review* asserts that anti-Castro elements have created an atmosphere of fear in the editorial offices of New York's Spanish-language media. "One result has been to condemn the area's nearly two million non-English-speaking Hispanics to a diet of political news that is both anemic and dangerously unbalanced," says the *Review*.

When, for example, reporter Fernando Moreno wrote a series in the daily *El Diario-La Prensa* last year that was not altogether uncritical of the left-wing Sandinista government in Nicaragua, he received a call from a man he thought was Cuban saying: "We are going to kill you." Since then he has received about six death threats. "Of course it makes me frightened because it is dangerous not to agree with the right-wing Cubans," says Moreno. "I can only hope that the old Spanish saying that barking dogs don't bite is true."

But it may not be. Two years ago, when *El Diario* (circulation 70,000) carried an interview with Castro and suggested closer U.S. ties with Cuba, a bomb exploded in the newspaper's front hall and a distribution office was ransacked. Under a new editor, who has the full approval of the right-wing Cubans, *El Diario* recently ran a front-page story that began, "This beast, called Fidel Castro, begotten by Stalin and Trujillo, murderer of an entire people ..."





Bombed hallway at 'El Diario'; Birns (left), Lavergne, propaganda agency

The exceptional bias of *Noticias del Mundo* was brought to the attention of the immigration service by Laurence Birns, a human rights activist and director of the Washington-based privately financed Council on Hemispheric Affairs. A news synopsis of the Argentine press had arrived in his mail, in which Buenos Aires newspapers quoted a "prestigious" New York newspaper as praising Argentina's military government, urging its continued "vigilance" against political opponents and assuring readers that only Communist influences stood in the way of better relations between the junta and the U.S.

The "prestigious" paper was the new *Noticias*, which has also been especially generous to the military governments of Uruguay and Chile. "Why, I asked myself," says Birns, "was *Noticias* so friendly to these barbarous governments?" (Amnesty International estimates that more than 15,000 people have "disappeared" after arrest by Argentine security police since 1976, that Uruguay holds at least 2,500 political prisoners and that "numerous" people have been tortured in Chile for political reasons in the past six months.) After investigations, Birns charges that the flattering stories in the New York paper were in fact written by the New York correspondents of newspapers in those three countries. "These people are essentially agents for their own governments," says Birns. "They have a very neat little propaganda agency working here." The review of the visa status of two Argentine journalists, one Chilean and one Uruguayan, should be completed this month.



Moreno: 'We are going to kill you'

But the political influences go much deeper than a few foreign correspondents in New York. As Nelson Lavergne, owner of the Spanish-language radio station WADO, puts it: "There are 400,000 Cuban exiles in the New York metropolitan area who are here because they don't think it's so good in Cuba today. Some of these people can be dangerous. I employ a lot of people here. I don't want no bombs going off and killing everybody." William Lowther



The talking head sprouts dancing feet



AMYN NASSER

By Ian Pearson

At birth, educational television was a talking head—an earnest lecturer speaking straight into the camera, occasionally lifting the telecast to heights of dramatic intensity by pointing to a test tube or map. It was hardly the type of programming to prompt commercial network panjandrums to graft snippets of Hegel into scripts of *Dallas* as a measure of self-defence. But as provincially run educational television rounds out its first decade in Canada, some commercial broadcasters can feel its didactic breath on their necks and worry that the educational networks may be cutting into their audiences by presenting (shudder) *entertaining* fare. And if the talking head has indeed sprouted dancing feet, questions arise about whether or not the egghead's toes are dangling into an area of public broadcasting reserved for the CBC.

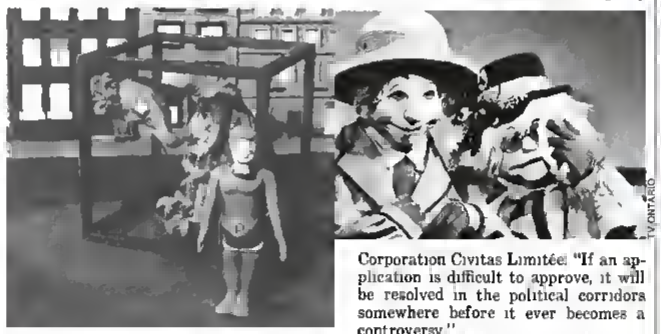
Since the provinces were formally allowed into the field of educational broadcasting in 1972, Ontario, Quebec and Alberta have established networks that work under a definition of education that goes far beyond the classroom. Ontario and Quebec established full-fledged television networks in TVOntario and Radio-Québec, while Alberta expanded an eccentric radio station inherited from a university into a provincial network. Encouraged by their success, Saskatchewan and B.C. have plans well under way for their own networks.

Within the educational broadcasting community, TVO is highly regarded as



TV ONTARIO

Inside CKUA (above left); and (from below left) scenes from 'Polka Dot Door,' 'MathMakers' and 'Readalong': didactic breath



TV ONTARIO

an example of the way ETV should be done. As it celebrates its 10th anniversary this month (it broadcast from 1970 to 1972 under the auspices of the CBC before being granted an independent licence), the network can boast of considerable success. While garnering more than 140 international awards for programming, design and acting, it has also managed to make money. Children's shows such as the *Polka Dot Door*, *Readalong* and *MathMakers* contributed largely to program sales of $1.3 million last year, compared to $1.8 million for the vastly bigger CBC. But its presentation of old movies, public affairs and popular music has drawn criticism that the network is competing unfairly with the advertising-supported networks.

Yet the taxpayer who contributes to TVO's $27-million budget or Radio-Québec's $36-million budget may ask why he has to switch to the American Public Broadcasting Service (PBS) to soak up *Masterpiece Theatre* or *Dick Cavett*. With CBC engaged in a struggle to be all things to all people, TVO and Radio-Québec feel there is room for them to attract viewers by presenting PBS-style entertainment such as film, drama and public affairs. In fact, at Radio-Québec public affairs and "cultural promotion" form the bulk of programming, although both areas are already covered by Radio-Canada. "The subjects are the same," admits Radio-Québec president Gérard Barbin, "but we deal with them from an educational point of view." Commercial broadcasters wonder what an educational point of view is. "The definition is very large and could give them the excuse to put any kind of program on the air," says André Mercier, president of the Association Canadienne des Radiodiffuseurs. "We're afraid that in the long term it will hurt commercial broadcasting." Particularly irksome to Mercier is Radio-Québec's new policy of soliciting corporate sponsorship for special programs. "It's not allowed by CRTC legislation and we feel it's a dangerous field to go into."

Alberta has employed a similarly loose definition of education with its radio network. The television arm, ACCESS, sticks largely to curriculum-oriented programming. But the radio operation—which emanates from CKUA in Edmonton and covers most of the province via seven FM stereo transmitters—devotes 64 per cent of its programming to jazz, classical and traditional music which is presented without any pedantic trimmings. The spectrum of music is so wide that a listener in Peace River may well be exposed to a larger variety of music than is available from all of the stations in Toronto combined. But CKUA has always been on shaky ground with the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC) when it defends its educational role. "I made an educational defence of CKUA when we applied for the licence in 1974," says Larry Shorter, president of ACCESS. "It was very technical—based on Bloom's *Taxonomy of Educational Objectives*—and I would still stand with it. But we really don't pay a lot of attention to what small-'e' educational means."

The CRTC has failed to put specific limits on a definition of educational broadcasting. The legislation granting the power to the provinces basically says that programming must aim at "the acquisition or improvement of knowledge" and must be "distinctly different" from the CBC and private stations. "Much of the definition is in the hands of the provincial education minister," says Sjef Frenken, director of the CRTC's policy development section. Some people believe the regulatory commission is gun-shy of the provinces and would hesitate before attempting to muscle them into prescribed programming. Says Ed Prévost, president of the Montreal-based broadcast group Corporation Civitas Limitée: "If an application is difficult to approve, it will be resolved in the political corridors somewhere before it ever becomes a controversy."

While educational broadcasting may be venturing beyond its hazy mandate, the trespass onto other territory might be something to be encouraged. Critics point fingers at the subject areas being usurped, but few complain about the quality of these stabs at popularity. If the purveyors of mass broadcasting are really being hurt by intelligent programming, perhaps the solution is to break the first rule of commercial broadcasting and dare to inject the same astute sensibility into their own programming. Perhaps they already are. J.R. may not be ailing—just away brushing up on *Phenomenology of Mind* to impress his viewers.



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Reaping a personal harvest

By Eve Rockett

There's a soft old irresistible ring to it, like goin' fishin' Goin' pickin' discovering the laconic harvest innocence and rural scents that run scarce in the local supermarket. Every year, more Canadian city-dwellers, thousands more, are going out to the fields, as much for the delectable outing as for the bargain, gathering their own blueberries, peaches, apples, strawberries, sweet cherries, corn, cucumbers, walnuts. Picking your own produce might not be *important*, but out there in the fields in the sunshine siblings don't squabble, and a 72-year-old Vancouver man says he feels a lot younger when he leaves the raspberry patch than when he came in. It's a soul-mending change from vacuuming around the house on a Saturday morning and clearing the view with Windex.

Across the country, wherever fruit and vegetables are grown, pick-your-own produce (or "U-Pick," as people insist on calling it) has become a healthy business of its own, particularly for small farmers near cities. Dr. Jean-Paul Landry, a Dalhousie, N.B., general practitioner and gentleman farmer who wanted more from his 30-acre property when he bought it four years ago than a good sideline income, has a particularly healthy attitude to the business—which he works at Wednesdays and leaves in the hands of his brother and partner, Rosaire, for the rest of the week. "I thought that providing food and exercise was a great thing to do," he says. "Psychologically, U-Pick is a great family experience." Operating on a larger scale, Sam Moyer of Beamsville, Ont., has converted 75 per cent of his 140-acre farm to U-Pick and draws crowds from the first crops in summer to the last apples in autumn. Over a single weekend 3,000 people, many from nearby Toronto, come to pick at his Cherry Avenue Farms Ltd. He thrives on them, financially and emotionally. "You *have* to like people," he says. "They start phoning you at 7 o'clock in the morning."



PAUL LITTLE

The huge U-Pick favorite among pickers and farmers alike is the strawberry—that luscious but too-tender first fruit of the season. Fully 70 per cent of all fresh strawberries sold in Ontario, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia are now U-Pick. Retailers' and buyers' shared abhorrence of damaged fruit has undoubtedly encouraged the U-Pick trend, which seems strongest in Ontario. In the past decade, U-Pick farms have more than tripled there from 70 to 240, and Toronto even has a 24-hour telephone line where you can ask to be sent the local U-Pick list. The farms in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia have doubled in the past five years, while in British Columbia (where most fruit is still picked commercially and shipped directly to large canneries) they have increased by a modest third.



ERIC HAYES



ERIC HAYES

Richmond picker (top), enjoying peaches (above) at Moyer's farm. 'We like eating them later, but best of all is the picking'

In the fields, there's an ebullient mix. On one sunny Saturday morning in Richmond, B.C., where U-Pick signs are strung up and down the highways, 72-year-old Henry Soriala, feeling younger all the time, is picking raspberries with a visiting lady friend from Sudbury, Ont., eight vacationing Albertans are picking the astonishingly large B.C. blueberries to take home and show off as souvenirs, children are eating berries

and happily filling their little yogurt containers. Says one five-year-old: "It's a lot more fun than cleaning your room." Sheila Calvert, her son, 21, and three teen-age daughters, have been coming out to pick berries several times every summer for five years. This year they bought a freezer to accommodate their freshly picked blueberries. "We like eating them later, but best of all is picking them," she says. "Being close to nature is very therapeutic. We feel good out here together. The family that picks



PAUL LITTLE

together sticks together, right? And it's only a half-hour drive from the pressures of the city." Most people mention the bargains: about 35 to 40 cents less a pound than supermarket prices for raspberries and strawberries and 10 cents a dozen less for corn. That's a boon if you're picking large quantities for freezing. And then there's the quality: your own pailful of strawberries, each one succulent and freshly picked, is vastly different from the tasteless supermarket variety in which, more often than not, bruised and green berries lurk at the bottom of the box.

For many farmers, U-Pick has been a financial boon. Some farmers with small four-acre farms are now growing strictly for the U-Pick market. Farmers can take advantage of demand and set their own prices rather than concede to the wholesalers. Near cities, the public is built-in labor and market. Impulse buying is high. And at the majority of farms where commercial picking for canneries is still the mainstay, U-Pick does a beautiful mop-up job, squeezing out the last bit of juice. But perhaps the most important advantage of U-Pick is its solution to the labor problem—a recent Ontario Ministry of Agriculture survey of U-Pick farms concluded that harvest labor is becoming *the* labor problem of the '80s.

The farm laborer shortage is aggravated by most native Canadians' refusal to do the work, which they consider menial. In the perception of Richmond farmer Katie Bissett, negotiating with pickers is a daily *Let's Make a Deal*, complete with interpreters for the many recent immigrants. "Workers want us to pay for three containers for every two they pick, or they will leave and go home. They have to bring their small children, who tear up the vines, or they won't come. They won't work if it's raining. At peak season there are no unemployed pickers and at the drop of a hat they will leave your crop to rot." But farm workers and the B.C.-based Canadian Farm Workers Union don't feel particularly threatened by the U-Pick phenomenon. At least not yet. "If it keeps growing, I can see it becoming a problem next year," says union President Raj Chouhan. "No wonder farmers like it. It's straight money. They don't pay pickers and they don't have to take anything to the cannery."

U-Pick isn't for every farmer. In fact, some have found it a ghastly experience. Says one farmer on Vancouver Island who wishes to remain anonymous because he sometimes *needs* U-Pick: "When you see people tearing at your vines, it's the same feeling as if they were in your house climbing all over your sofa and piano. You run one ad and people swarm all over the place. Some even bring their own cream and sugar and have a free picnic." As well, the U-Pick farmer has additional expenses, including the costs of advertising and of hiring supervisors (who ensure that people don't trample vines and that they pick every ripe berry, not just the fat luxurious ones). Farmers have no insurance against the weather; if it pours rain for two weeks, as it sometimes does in B.C.'s Fraser Valley, the farmer is out of luck. He may not get rid of his entire crop.

But weekend pickers rarely consider the larger economics of the business. They come for themselves—for the bargain, the taste, the trip to the country. After 10 years, Beamsville farmer Sam Moyer still appreciates their self-absorption. "I enjoy the different moods for different produce," he says. "For the glamorous strawberry, women are all businesslike and rather cold-blooded,



ERIC HAYES



ERIC HAYES

Tha Calvarts (top), picking Moyar fruit (abova) for tha waigh-out (abova right) faces freed from supermarkat grimnass

picking for the year's supply. For sweet cherries, it's all jolly and fun-loving." The faces of people out picking are relaxed, freed from the grimness epidemic in supermarkets. Cheeks are warmed and psyches soothed by sun and pleasure. "Just seeing the big berries gives you joy," says one buoyant woman, her white hair rolled up precisely like her twin sister's, who is picking with her. To pale hands that work with paper all week, the touch of fruit is soft, and real.

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Staring into the shadows

BELLEFLEUR
by Joyce Carol Oates
(Dutton $16.95)

It's not easy to know what to think of *Bellefleur* Joyce Carol Oates's 12th novel is a huge bold book and a tour de force Teeming with character and incident, masterfully written, her portrait of the mythical, ill-fated Bellefleur clan is by turns scary, erotic, chimerical, fanatically realistic, tedious, woozy as a dream, jagged as a nightmare an audacious book with the nerve of a beautiful woman who can afford to be boring—quite boring, thank you—because she knows she has your attention Just by lifting a finger Mischief is at work here

In *Bellefleur*, the Gothic sensibility that often ripples through Oates's writing has been fed steroids, and let loose The result is a story of dazzling inventiveness handled with the author's usual chill control In one bracket, Oates can toss off enough spare plot to fuel a year of *Dallas*

Shifting in its logic and chronology, the novel spans six generations in the tangled destinies of the Bellefleur clan—rich, legendary, somehow cursed and somewhat cruel Strange things happen to anyone drawn into the Bellefleur circle The plot is a maze, but the author has made it perfectly clear that this is fiction, where anything goes The action centres on Bellefleur Manor, a many-crannied edifice nestled in a sort of American Transylvania—a region of mountains, dark forests, poor tenant farmers and that sinister body of water, Lake Noir Strange things happen in and around the manor A 30-lb cat roams the halls, his fascinating fur changing color throughout the book; the Noir vulture flies off with a Bellefleur baby in its beak, a lost ring turns up the next morning in the breakfast egg

Unperturbed by all this—indeed, almost revelling in it—is the beautiful heroine, Leah Bellefleur As a young girl, Leah kept a silky black pet spider called Love Crushed, naturally, by her husband-to-be, the darkly handsome, strangely driven Gideon Bellefleur Their daughter Germaine, who survives a monstrous birth, becomes the psychic centre of the novel, living through the destiny of each Bellefleur as they go to their various imaginative deaths

Samuel Bellefleur, for instance, simply disappears after encountering a strange woman in the mirror of the Turquoise Room In the forests near the manor, a neighborhood boy skulks through the trees, one minute human, the next moment a panting yellow dog Oates bestows an uncanny consciousness or spirit upon owls, kittens and even one very large old tree Appearances are definitely not to be trusted, as one Bellefleur daughter discovers when she marries a rather hairy young man who turns into a black bear And the murders, the weddings, the illicit meetings in the attic, are all related in a tone of girlish, breathless, controlled hysteria, as if innocence is always on the verge of being shattered by something quite familiar and evil

What Oates loves to do is to create an absolutely compelling reality—and then put it all in question Do we see what we think we see? She puts a shadowed lawn before us Then she adds disquieting contours to the shadows Then she hides behind the reader, wondering, along with us, what is going *on* here? On one page, descriptions have a cloying physicality to them, and on the next, a fleeting look-again shimmer There are changelings everywhere we look After a while, this gets under the skin Perhaps the whimsical surface of *Bellefleur*



JILL KREMENTZ

Oates silky black pet spider called Love

is not just a Gothic convention, but a serious approximation of life itself—capricious, deadpan, look-again life In this way, *Bellefleur* is gloomy and gay at the same time

Like a horror film that lulls the viewer before it strikes, Oates knows how to pounce The prose prattles on, until one detail, one off-key note, signals the presence of something disturbing—and the novel shifts from a merely overwrought and silly story to a mood precise and thrilling "Silly" and "magnificent" are two words that recur, and both apply to the novel itself

In a brilliantly offhand way, it's a philosophical novel that works on our notions of what we accept as being real—and what, on the other hand, affects us, regardless of whether we believe in it "Who is in charge here?" Oates seems to be asking in as many ways as she can In the same way, she is acutely conscious (and imparts that awareness to us) of her relationship to the reader which is one of a temporary world-maker, a kind of god She makes it clear that her control over her characters' lives is as knowing, and as mischievous, as the wing-shadow of fate falling over the Bellefleur family This obtrusive creativity on the part of the author may not make us feel much, but it certainly makes us think

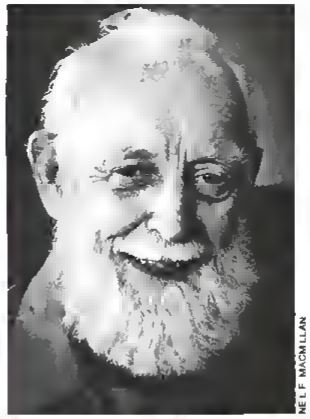
Marni Jackson

Notebooks from a literary odyssey

SPREADING TIME
by Earle Birney
Véhicule Press $16.95

"Like most infants, I absorbed 'poetry' before I could read, without knowing what it was." With that line 76-year-old Earle Birney, one of Canada's foremost poets, plunges the reader into an exciting picaresque, involving personal literary discoveries, encounters with practically every touring Canadian writer of the '20s and '30s, and setbacks and dreams for the development of a distinctly Canadian voice in national literature By the book's end, there is no question that all his life, with every pore, Birney has "absorbed poetry"—and now knows most certainly what it is.

The book has an odd structure Sections with specific dates entitled "As I Remember" were written recently and are as close as Birney comes to writing memoirs Alternating with these are book reviews, articles, letters and radio scripts dealing with issues or authors raised in the reminiscences, and written at the time under discussion Initially, there seems to be a preponderance of articles lambasting Canadian houses for publishing and touting doggerel at the expense of good writing, Birney spends 700 words dissecting the butterscotch poetry of A A Brown who, by her own admission, was "lost in a dream of opal-amber days drowned in music of nightingales." The lengthy autopsy of Birney's efforts to turn the poetry magazine of the Canadian Authors' Association into a stimulating organ also seem unnecessarily tiring and petty Why is Birney wasting his time on bad poets 40 years forgotten? Because there is really no more effective way of conveying the horrible stuffiness of Canadian society in the face of innovative verse during the first half of this century than by hunting with these reviews and articles at the sheer weight of the oppressive atmosphere through which Birney, F R Scott, A J M Smith, Ralph Gustafson and other fine poets had to struggle Given such righteous smugness, Birney's perspicacious reviews and assesements seem a welcome oasis.



NELF MACMILLAN

Birney every pore absorbing poetry

Occasionally, Birney will touch on those personal matters one expects in an autobiography his marriage, his war career, his involvement with the Communist party But *Spreading Time* is subtitled "Remarks On Canadian Writing and Writers Book I 1904-1949" and with this caveat Birney warns that details of his personal life will be confined to those that interact with the Man of Letters Thus there is an endearing, brief vignette of Major Birney meeting a lesser-ranked Sinclair Ross in England during the Second World War, but little mention of those personal war experiences that must have been the germ material for *Turvey*

Spreading Time is really Birney's literary odyssey From the time he sold subscriptions to *Maclean's*, to the time he found Bliss Carman lost in the woods of the UBC campus, until the final essay of the book, written on New Year's Eve, 1949, Birney bestows a unique perspective on the development of Canadian cultural growth with a telling of tales inimitably his own

Greg Gatenby

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICTION

1 **Joshua Then and Now, *Richler* (1)**
2 **The Bourne Identity, *Ludlum* (2)**
3 **Rage of Angels, *Sheldon* (3)**
4 **Princess Daisy, *Krantz* (6)**
5 **Solo, *Higgins* (4)**
6 **Random Winds, *Plain* (5)**
7 **The Fifth Horseman, *Collins & Lapierre* (8)**
8 **No Love Lost, *Van Slyke***
9 **Smiley's People, *Le Carré* (7)**
10 **Sins of the Fathers, *Howatch* (8)**

NONFICTION

1 **The Third Wave, *Toffler* (1)**
2 **How to Invest Your Money and Profit From Inflation (revised edition), *Shulman* (2)**
3 **Thy Neighbor's Wife, *Talese* (4)**
4 **Will, *Liddy* (8)**
5 **The Real War, *Nixon* (3)**
6 **How You Can Become Financially Independent by Investing in Real Estate, *Lowry* (10)**
7 **Ways of Escape, *Greene* (7)**
8 **Managing in Turbulent Times, *Drucker* (6)**
9 **Shelley, *Winters* (6)**
10 **Free to Choose, *Milton & Rose Friedman***

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Column

Banning the word 'stewardess' will not win women equality



By Barbara Amiel

There is a tiny hysterical band of militants on the fringe of the Women's Movement who cannot cope with the notion that when God created people, men and women He made them. Having latched on to the great 20th-century secret that the smallest pressure group can get its way if it co-opts the state machinery to implement its ideology, this little fringe of libbers has gone a long way toward institutionalizing the perverse minority views of radical feminism in our society.

Even so, I was still taken aback when I read the latest six-page CBC memo outlining CBC President Al Johnson's latest policy guidelines on the Portrayal of Women. The oldtime CBC Variety producer who watched my face turn an unbecoming though fashionable shade of fuchsia as I read the memo told me it was a mistake to worry about it. "It's meaningless," he shrugged. "Nobody will take it seriously."



WILLIAM KIMBER

Maybe. But in case he is wrong, it might be useful to make it public that the CBC, which is maintained by Canadians of the most diverse opinions, has been captured by feminists bent on wiping out all distinctions between men and women. This is *not* the legitimate issue of equal opportunity for women in employment at the CBC or elsewhere, a policy of which I and most Canadians would thoroughly approve. This is an attempt, for ideological reasons, to expurgate or falsify the normal, harmless or desirable ways in which men and women differ. It is a policy to deny any differences in the depictions of the two sexes in CBC programs.

"Avoid words and visuals which emphasize physical features and clothes," says the astonishing memo, "unless comparable terms would be used regardless of the subject's sex." If this means anything, it may mean that from now on you won't see a woman in a tight sweater unless the same scene also shows a man blow-drying his hair. Such phrases as "mankind" or "man's achievements" are banned. Says the memo: "substitute neutral words and phrases for 'man-words'." Then, striving manfully, the memo suggests that terms such as "steward" or "stewardess" be replaced by the neutral "flight attendant." (I suppose one can look forward to news reports in which an estate has been placed under the "flight attendantship" of someone.) Men must not be described by "professional position" nor women by "physical attributes." Needless to say one would not even have to play games with some of the memo's examples to make them verge on the illiterate—such as offering "synthetic" as a synonym for "man-made."

Is it so surprising that the CBC is accused of being a hotbed of this or that radical group when its president permits a small extremist group to force its views about how human beings ought to regard their own sexual identity on all Canadians? This is a far different matter from the CBC giving—as I believe it should—broadcasting time to a range of opinions I may not have empathized with the feminism of producer Margo Lane's now defunct television program, *Some of My Best Friends Are Men*, but I wouldn't have dreamt of protesting its existence. What I protest is compelling the entire spectrum of programming to be infused with the ideology of the show.

As a woman, I find the CBC's insensitivity toward the pride and dignity that I and millions of Canadian men and women find in our own gender both painful and infuriating. I do not want the fact that I am a woman to be held against me, but neither do I want to achieve equality of opportunity by "passing" as a man. Along with most Canadian women I have no problem with the word "stewardess" or "mankind" and do not feel it is in any way related to my fight for equal pay or rights. Does the CBC have no understanding of the pleasure that women take in their own separate identity? Does it not understand how humiliating it is to be desexed and made to feel that equality means sweeping our sexual identity under the carpet?

But this is still the minor issue. Let us assume that the radical feminists are right. Would it then be less shocking and intolerable that a political pressure group—whether we agree or disagree with its ideology—should combine with a bevy of CBC bureaucrats to instruct artists in the way society should be portrayed? Today it's women. Tomorrow it may be Eskimos, capitalists or new wave bands. This is party-line censorship of the most blatant kind. The CBC currently employs some of the best writers and directors. It does that, rightly sparing no expense, because individual artists are the people best equipped to illustrate and portray society. Of course they may have different views. Of course they may often disagree with each other. But as independent creators they are the experts on what words to use, and what emotional situations to depict.

Are authors like Alice Munro and Margaret Laurence ready to accept the pronouncements of one Gordon Bruce, responsible for Portrayal of Women, on how basic truths about human nature should be presented—even if their views might occasionally coincide with his? Where is the voice of ACTRA, the Writers Union of Canada, the CBC producers' association in the face of this madness? And what will Margaret Atwood do if CBC memo writer W. T. Armstrong makes the title of her fine novel *Life Before Man* "appropriate" by changing it to *Life Before People*?

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Films

Chipping off an old memory block

THE GREAT SANTINI
Directed by Lewis John Carlino

The love between a father and son is a limbo in which most fathers and sons linger all their lives. Fathers bear down heavily upon their sons to succeed, but not so much that sons exceed their authority and range; sons learn to emulate the men who made them, but at the same time need to break loose from the bonds that hold and often stifle them. Father-son relationships—frustrating, joyful, volatile, comforting—are prisons of paradoxes. And then there's a snare called a gene: no matter how desperately a son wants to free himself from his father, he's still complexly chained. *The Great Santini*, which is warm and funny and yet dark and primal, will probably strike a lot of rusty chords in people, making the father-son relationship in *Kramer vs. Kramer* look like a rarefied, prettified perception of life.

The movie is in many ways a classic, with classic scenes that claw at the heart—a story about the man who fondled his son in his arms and then showed him his fist. Adapted by director Lewis John Carlino from Pat *(Conrack)* Conroy's autobiographical book about his father, a macho marine jet pilot, *The Great Santini* may well be this year's *Breaking Away*—a sleeper that creeps up on audiences. But it's better directed than *Breaking Away* and it goes for the throat.

The father, Lt.-Col. Bull Meechum (Robert Duvall in an extraordinary performance which could be an expansion of his Captain Kilgore character from *Apocalypse Now*), is a blowhard with an intense desire to be liked: he sports a smile that tries to lift weights. He's obsessed with winning, speaks to his family in army-training-manual language and never lets them forget that what matters is being "a winner all the way." He's hardest on his eldest son, Ben (Michael O'Keefe), he wants him to be a man, win at basketball, be the best and take orders from him. Sensitive, but not overly so, Ben rebels against the humiliation (Bull calls Ben a girl and his youngest son "the little homo") and in the process discovers that he loves his father.



Duvall, O'Keefe: father and son chained

Apart from this, there are few easy resolutions in *The Great Santini* and the time and place, 1962 in South Carolina, gives it a greater resonance. When Bull beats his chest and calls himself "The Great Santini," he seems much more representative of American life than he would right now. Despite his being so crass and apparently unfeeling, there's something endearing about him. Irish, and a joker (he does something with a can of Campbell's soup that empties a restaurant), he loves to seize life by what he would call "the brass ones." His wife, Lillian (Blythe Danner), is the apotheosis of mother-as-mediator—a good Irish woman who's a whiz with a rosary. Though there are times when she pretends to be asleep on the other side of the bed, she knows the good buried inside him. In one of the film's finest scenes when Bull loses a basketball game to Ben, the defeat draws out the father's violence, which plants a seed of hate in Ben. That evening when Bull stays out in the pouring rain to practise while Lillian and Ben watch from a window, Lillian explains that it's Bull's way of apologizing.

All Bull's King Kong chest beating is, in fact, a painful way of his saying mea culpa. At 4 in the morning he wakes Ben up to give him a birthday present—an old flier's jacket—and tells him about how he felt the day Ben was born. When he wants to show love, Bull has to hurt people a little, to make it easier on himself. One evening after a family crisis Ben goes out looking for the besotted Bull and finds him under a tree. He listens as Bull painfully reminisces about *his* own father, and understands. Soon they cross a field in the night light with Ben shouting tauntingly at Bull, "I love you," while Bull swings his fist absurdly drunkenly at him.

There's a long, pointless postmortem following that scene and *The Great Santini* doesn't need it. Rich with incident and wealthier in nuance, the film has the valor to try to understand a man who, on first glance, would be dismissed as a cold, uncaring fish. One of the best qualities an artist can have—or just a plain Joe for that matter—is the capacity to give the benefit of a doubt to the most unlikely. **Lawrence O'Toole**

Hard tugs at the heartstrings

THE LUCKY STAR
Directed by Max Fischer

The Lucky Star, the Canadian film that opened The World Film Festival in Montreal, is much like a cunning child. Caught with a hand in the cookie jar, the film tries to wriggle out of trouble by being winning and heartwarming. Any little cookie monster will tell you that those tactics rarely get you off the hook.

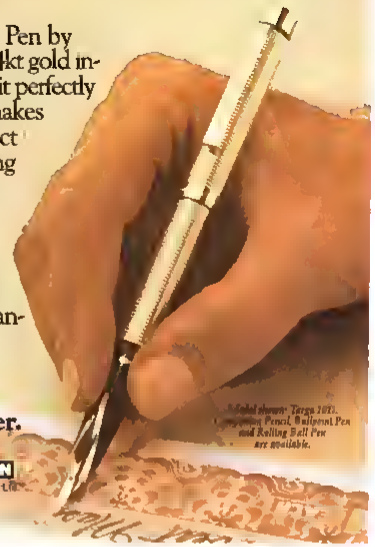
Writer-director Max Fischer is so charmed by his story line, so confident that its basic warmth will carry the film, that he simply neglects to keep the characters clear. All well and good that

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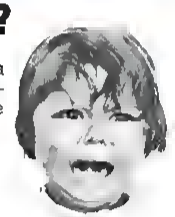
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10/17/79 MAG 9080



Marx, Steiger, Fletcher: cowboys, Nazis and a luminous widow in a muddled tale

13-year-old David Goldberg (Brett Marx) is forced to wear a Star of David during the Nazi occupation of the Netherlands. All well and good that David, who daydreams constantly about cowboys and the wild West, decides that the yellow star makes him a sheriff, the lone good guy, unafraid and determined to bring the outlaw gang (the Nazis) to justice. But it is simply *not* clear why young David retreats into this land of make-believe. Is he defenceless, traumatized by the star and the Nazis abduction of his parents? Or is he a survivor, quick to use his fantasy to camouflage? Is he the village idiot, a hapless hero stupidly provoking the Nazis without thinking of consequences? Or is he a Shakespearean fool, using his half-wit status to needle and challenge?

This basic problem is then aggravated by a series of irritating flaws: good Dutch burghers with French-Canadian accents; Rod Steiger as a Nazi colonel, with an accent right out of *Hogan's Heroes*. Then there's Louise Fletcher, absolutely luminous as the widow who takes David in, but so luminous you begin to wonder if her interest in David is strictly maternal—a possibility left dangling. While neglecting that angle—and David's basic dilemma—Fischer pounds away in other directions with a heavy and literal typewriter. Two characters deliver speeches about David's heroism—as if that weren't already clear. Fischer also hammers the film's central message into the beginning, the middle and the end of the movie, just in case we might have missed it.

Like so many recent Canadian films, this muddled story is displayed in a positively gleaming shell. Frank Tidy's cinematography is gorgeous, Michel Proulx's art direction is immaculate. Marx, though unable to resolve the problem of David's motivation, is thoroughly likable—vulnerable yet resilient, equal parts tail-wagging adolescent and upright young man. Steiger and Fletcher anchor the film like the old pros they are, while Montrealer Isabelle Mejias shows real promise as David's flame.

If Max Fischar had spent a little less time tugging at our heartstrings and a little more time sorting out the various puzzles and contradictions in the screenplay, this might have been a film that would genuinely charm.

Wayne Grigsby

High-school horror without the gore

PROM NIGHT
Directed by Paul Lynch

The best thing about *Prom Night* is that it does precisely, and often exquisitely, what all horror films promise and few deliver: it redeems the word "gripping" from the trash heap of abused and overused adjectives. While its B-movie status may keep it from consideration in the same critical breath as De Palma's *Dressed to Kill* and Kubrick's *The Shining*, in the ways that count, it is a better film than both. From the first frame, Canadian director Paul Lynch establishes that he intends to treat his audience with genuine respect, and that he is not going to employ any shabby tricks (such as De Palma's untelegraphed dream sequences) to deliver sudden jolts to the nervous system. Instead, Lynch builds his terror step by tiny step, a gradual acceleration toward a climax that is literally heart-pounding. And just as important is the fact that the non-horror scenes, involving some very believable relationships among a group of high-school seniors, are given the same scrupulous attention as the stuff that brings in the audiences: one first seduction scene in a locker room is just about classic. *Prom Night* drips with authenticity as well as blood.

Oh yes, it's bloody. But again, Lynch shows as little as is absolutely necessary—an amazing and respectable restraint, given the state of the genre these days. On the other hand, he doesn't need the gore, he has a story to tell (the script is by William Gray, another Canadian who co-wrote *The Changeling*) that is solid in all respects—although to give away any of the plot would be to give away too much of it. Even old horror-film hands will find themselves, in the last half-hour or so, second-guessing their second guesses.

Jamie Lee Curtis, whose face is an eerie composite of parents Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh at their most beautiful, heads a cast that is otherwise largely Canadian and perfectly deployed. After *Halloween*, a first cousin to *Prom Night* and *The Fog*, Curtis is now firmly established as queen of the Bs. But this is Paul Lynch's movie: the one that will vault the director of the acclaimed, but largely unseen, *The Hard Part Begins* and *Blood and Guts*, into a prominence he richly deserves.

John Gault



Falling child, Curtis (inset): building the heart-pounding terror step by step

All camped up and nowhere to go

HEALTH
Directed by Robert Altman

Colonel Corn wears sunglasses at all times and constantly consults his walkie-talkie about security. He dresses as a corncob. Dr. Gill Gainey (Paul Dooley) preaches the sea's all-encompassing benefits and lies on the bottom of swimming pools to get attention. Eighty-three-year-old Esther Brill (Lauren Bacall) falls into a trance in mid-sentence on *Dick Cavett*. Dick Cavett watches Johnny Carson in the privacy of his hotel room. Isabella Garnell (Glenda Jackson) may or may not have had a sex-change operation and tapes every profound generality she utters.

With such an absurd lineup, Robert Altman's *Health*, selected for Montreal's World Film Festival, can't be all that bad. Jumping from camp to camp, lobby to penthouse, penthouse to pool, pool to convention floor, he introduces the wildest cast of characters he has ever assembled. For 40 minutes it's complete pandemonium and terrific fun. However, it isn't all that good either: once this cast of crazies is introduced, they never seem to go anywhere or do anything. That's where *Health* runs into trouble. Health is an organization devoted to America's physical well-being. It's holding its convention (where else?) in Florida. Bacall and Jackson are running for president and neither is above a good dirty trick.

But they never really get down to satirical brass knuckles. Representing outsiders, James Garner and Carol Burnett, a PR man and presidential envoy respectively (and the only remotely sane characters in the film), run around coping with emergencies and trying to influence the course of events, to no avail. The ominous Colonel Cody (Donald Moffat), representing omnipotent big business, seems to have the convention in his hip pocket, dictating who will win. But Altman backs away from this dark spectre, revealing Cody as Bacall's buffoon brother, his briefcase full of toy stagecoaches, not bribes.

Still, there are moments that flash and bite into the flabby conventions of politics—ample demonstration that, while *Health* is not as controlled as *M*A*S*H* or *A Wedding*, Altman has not lost his instinct for the jugular. Unfortunately, while every frame of *Health* is crammed with some telling detail, what is happening front and centre is neglected. Having opened at a fire-wagon pace, *Health* loses the rhythm halfway through and dribbles away.

W.G.



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Column

Grieving for the day the presses stopped



By Stuart Keate

On the stock market, at least, the newspapers of Canada were doing well. Shares in Thomson, Southam and the *Toronto Star* had been moving up briskly. Then, on a black day last week, there erupted a veritable demolition Derby of newspapers. Two proud Canadian dailies were closed (in Ottawa and Winnipeg) and a third (*The Vancouver Sun*) was sold to new owners. FP Publications Ltd. dismantled the only fine wire service it had ever owned. More than 800 people were thrown out of work.

As intelligent readers realized, the *Ottawa Journal* and *The Winnipeg Tribune* couldn't go on losing $3 million each year indefinitely; the sharp-pencil boys made economic sense when they talked about "rationalization of losses." But they also knew that the newspaper business was well, *different*: both a private enterprise, subject to the stresses of the marketplace, and a community service, the conscience of its readers' habitat.

Is there, in fact, any other business quite like it? Where the manufacturer turns out a different product every day, but charges a fixed price for it? Where, after filling 100 pages with news and features from around the world and transmitting them through a sophisticated computer system to waiting trucks, they are delivered into the tender care of a 12-year-old kid with a frog in his pocket? And what does he do? He throws it at the customer!

The disappearance of half a dozen Canadian dailies in the past year or so does violence not only to the journalists who lose their jobs, but to the nameless, faceless toilers of the past century who, long before Hansard, were recording the history of our country and in fact providing the only written record of governance and affairs. Does anyone remember the dictum of the old homesteader who advised his children "Read your newspaper from cover to cover every day and you'll end up with the equivalent of a college education?" How many early readers of *The Winnipeg Tribune* will acknowledge the influence on their lives of Mark Edgar Nichols, one of the founders of The Canadian Press?

Will the accountants who can record down to the last dime the losses of the *Ottawa Journal* recall with any sort of gratitude the feisty eloquence and distinction brought to its editorship by Grattan O'Leary? Can subscribers of Victoria's *Daily Colonist*, which was recently merged with its arch rival the *Victoria Times*, appreciate the debt they owe to that consummate journalistic pecan, Amor de Cosmos, who not only founded his newspaper in 1858 but, as a politician, helped lead British Columbia into Confederation completing Sir John A.'s vision of a nation from sea to sea?

And what about *The Vancouver Sun*, which was formally churched a few days ago after 23 years of common-law existence with *The Province*? Last week its staff was reported as being "a little numb," and well it might be after three changes of ownership. It, at least, was a moneymaker. But it had made its name as "Vancouver's only home-owned newspaper," a slogan that had to be abandoned when it was absorbed by FP, then by Thomson and now by Southam.

This was a paper that proved a responsible product could be more successful at the box-office than a sensational one. In earlier times, it had sent the football writer Annis Stukus to Taiwan to interview Chiang Kai-shek, legend has it that the Gimo's first question was, "Tell me, Stuke—what's wrong with the B.C. Lions?" It was also the paper of Hal Straight, a managing editor who liked to settle problems with his star reporter, Pierre Berton, by repairing to Stanley Park with a bottle of rye and a bounce on the teeter-totter.

But now the head-to-head competition has disappeared from Vancouver and Victoria, as it has from Ottawa and Winnipeg. Only four competitive situations remain: in Toronto, in Calgary, in Edmonton (where the cheeky Toronto *Sun* is gambling that it can repeat its stunning home-town success) and in St. John's, Nfld. More than three-quarters of the daily circulation in Canada is directed by two companies—Thomson and Southam—from Toronto.

No amount of "rationalization" can gainsay that crucial voices in the country have been stilled—to the detriment of Canada as a whole. The Southams, recognized as gentlemen publishers, talk hopefully of expansion and greater days ahead. The Thomsons have made it clear that they are not interested in publishing a paper that doesn't make money—unless, of course, it happens to be *The Times* of London.

Surveying the wreckage, an irreverent newsman with a splendid gift for scrambled metaphors remarked. "It's either a hot tub or Mount St. Helens, elbowing aside everything in its path, and floating a grey ash over the entire country. I only hope they know their ash from their elbow."



ROY PETERSON

Stuart Keate is the former publisher of The Vancouver Sun *and the* Victoria Times



Allan Fotheringham is on vacation



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